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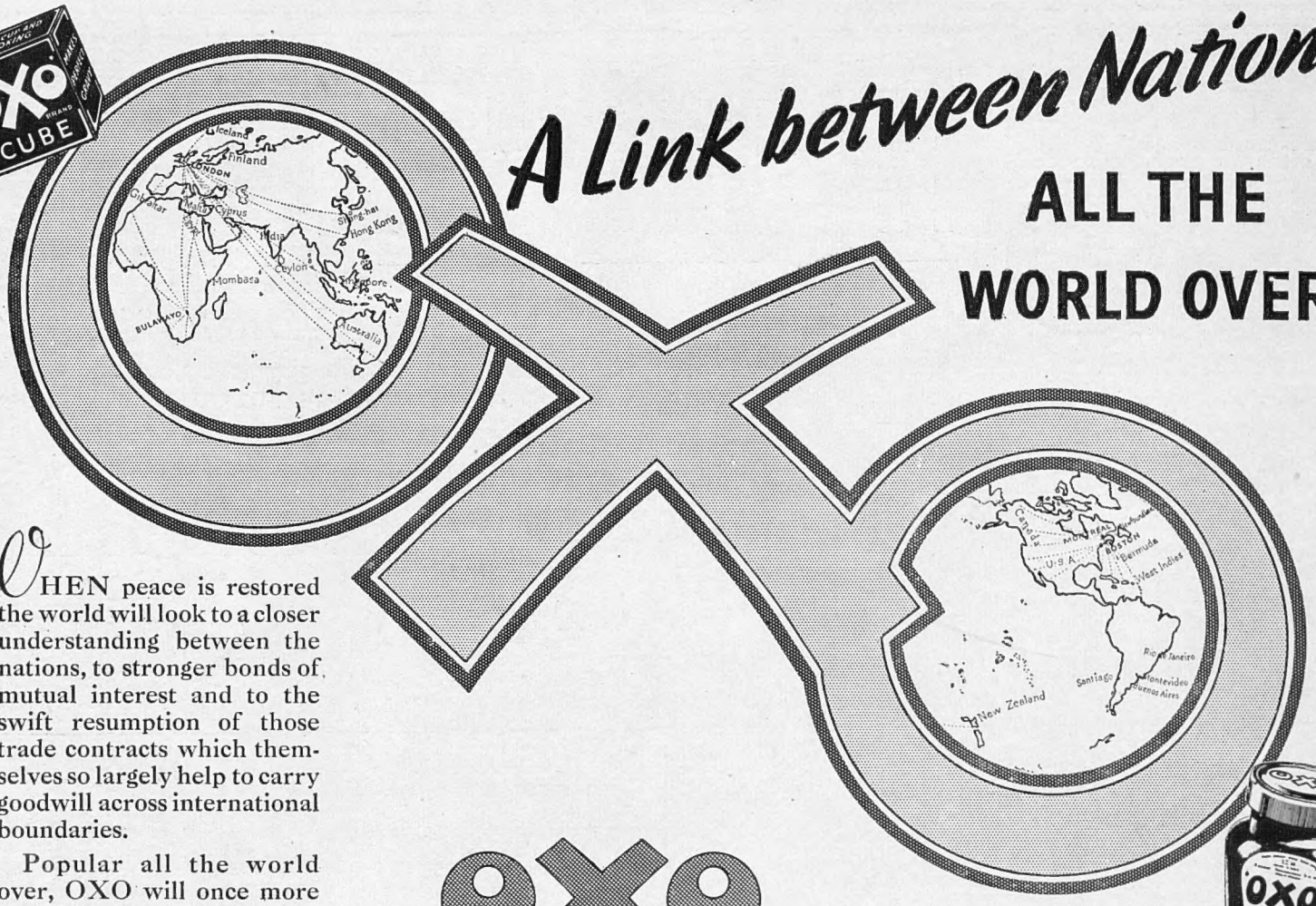

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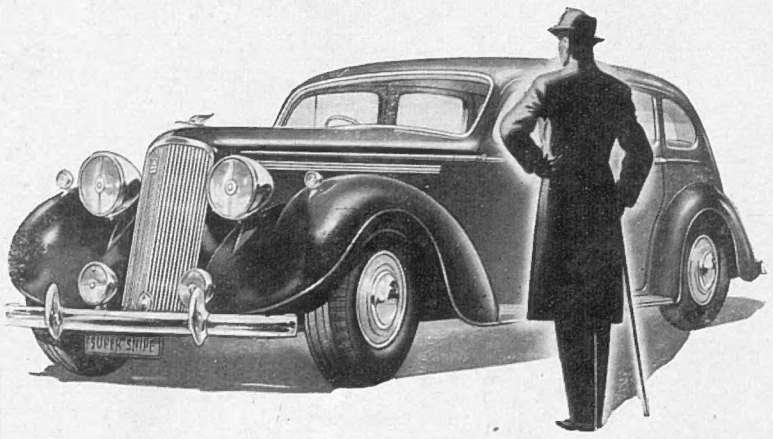

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Volume CLXXIX No. 2335

The SPHERE, London, October 21, 1944

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

BITTER STREET-FIGHTING AMIDST THE RUINS OF AACHEN: AN AMERICAN DETACHMENT PICKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE RUBBLE AND DEBRIS IN ONE OF THE MAIN STREETS IN THE CITY. The men are moving slowly towards the centre of Aachen, mopping up as they go and paving the way for other detachments to follow in their wake

Fighting of the intensest nature has been going on in Aachen, first German city of importance attacked by the Allies. Battered by American land artillery and bombed incessantly from the air, Aachen has been disintegrating under the weight of the attack. Civilians have been coming in to the Allied lines and sections of the German garrison have been surrendering, whilst other German forces from the north-east have endeavoured to force a way in to help the hard-pressed Nazi defenders. From the suburb of Forst to the south of the city, the Americans have been moving forward slowly but surely, wiping out small pockets of resistance and penetrating closer to the city centre. (*Further pictures of Aachen are given on pages* 68-9 *of this issue*)

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 268

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

In Moscow.—If I had the use of a magic carpet and invisible cloak, I should be in Moscow to-day at the time of writing. I should like to make a first-hand study of the relations of Stalin and Mr. Churchill. No one can read history without reaching the sure and alarming conclusion that the destinies of nations depend far more on the characters, sympathies and antipathies of a very few leaders than upon the will and mutual understanding of the nations concerned. Mutual understanding between nations is never complete enough, and never will be; and Democracy everywhere is still in too primitive a stage to admit of the will of a people shaping, and *punctually* achieving, a desired end. Both Mr. Churchill and Marshal Stalin are big men, forceful characters and capable of expressing themselves with force and infinite courage. They have not always seen eye to eye. On the other hand, both men are realists. They know the meaning of expediency, subscribe to the old saw about necessity and bedfellows, and, I am sure, think of their countries and the common cause of the Allies long before they think in personal terms. Two great men, of widely different type, seldom agree about everything. There would be no progress, if they did. Difference of opinion is the life-blood of progress to perfection, and, in my opinion (which I will develop perhaps on another page one day), truth of intercourse is the most valuable and the sweetest article in human relations. I do not want to know for certain that Mr. Churchill and the Marshal always agree. For no proofs would satisfy me. What I do want to know for certain is that they thrash out their differences with mutual respect, with courageous frankness, with no truckling on one side, no compromise which is unilateral. In a word, that *truth of intercourse* adorns and directs the vital conversations (on which the fate of civilisation hangs) between these big and strong and courageous men, who (at the time of writing) are the mouthpieces (and perhaps the embodied wills) of two great nations.

Preparing for Peace.—At the moment of writing everyone in the Allied ranks is "preparing for peace." The small shopkeeper is stocking flags. The big statesman is planning brave, new worlds. The soldiers are clearing away the obstructions on the site. The Russian armies now threatening seriously both Vienna and Königsburg, the Western Allied armies threatening Cologne and the Rhinelands and the Ruhr, Alexander's armies moving to the Po Valley and the Alps, Tito and the detached commandos cleaning up in Yugoslavia and Greece, and all the ships and planes of the Allies pounding the Nazi communications and war factories and escape routes—these are the pioneers. The painful inches tot up to astronomic dimensions on the map of Europe. I do not subscribe to the view that Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark would be nothing. It would be a famous document even without Hamlet's lines. And the same applies to the Dumbarton Oaks new League of Nations, and, for that matter, to the Town and Country Planning Bill. Neither is effective or complete without its Prince of Denmark, but both are notable documents in their different ways and in their promises. Without precise and unanimous decisions guaranteeing effective intervention by an irresistible world police force, the new League will be as futile as the old, but the scaffolding is up. That is something. And without an acceptable decision on compensation a Town Planning Bill can never reach the Statute Book; but, again, the scaffolding is up. "Hamlet" without the Prince is by no means nothing. But it 's not "Hamlet."

Germany's Doom.—With the fall of Riga, the Baltic States from Talinn to Tilsit were virtually cleared of the enemy. No serious menace then remained for the right flank of the Russian assault on East Prussia, and large Russian forces must soon be released for that job. With Finland as an ally, and with the Baltic States and seaboard down to the East Prussian border in Russian occupation, the plight of Germany to-day is very much clearer to the onlooker. It is indeed a desperate situation which the approach of winter does nothing to modify. The ring grows tighter and narrower and more complete, day after day. The Russians are at their best in winter fighting. The Allied air forces have long since overcome most of the handicaps of winter weather. The net stretches from Tilsit round East Prussia to Warsaw. From Warsaw to the Carpathians. There remains little leakage in either direction through Ruthenia or Southern Hungary. Tito stops the gaps in Yugoslavia. Alexander takes up the job from the Adriatic to Spezia. From the Maritime Alps to Belfort the bolt-holes are stopped, if there were any object or objective for bolters; and from Belfort to Nijmegen the Allied line runs near enough to, or across, the Reich frontiers. The North Sea is *mare nostrum*, and Nazi living-space is confined to an already reduced Reich and to Northern Holland, Denmark and Norway, and the dangerous seaways and communications of the land-locked Skagerrak, Kattegat, and Western Baltic. It is a doleful picture of the meaning of a "second front," which will call on all the inventive genius of Goebbels to touch up or repaint between now and Christmas. The most effective of all Hitler's secret, or once secret, weapons is an open secret now even in Germany. There are no illusions anywhere about the nature of Goebbels' propaganda. The doom of Germany is apparent to all Germans, even to the Nazi youth. Defeat stares her in the face, inexorable as death. It is just a question of how many months of destruction and suffering will be required to win a clamant majority to the opinion that unconditional surrender is a lesser evil than race suicide in the rubble and ashes of a hundred fine German cities. A huge majority of Germans have long accepted it. What matters more, and is not less certain, is that a majority of fanatical Nazis accept it in their secret hearts.

The Mills of God.—Here, then, is the situation. One by one, inwards from the Reich frontier, from the Baltic round to the Alps, and thence to Denmark, the cities of the Reich will be pounded to rubble at the will of the Allied air forces, as the advance into Germany proceeds, slowly or swiftly. Every citizen in every big German city sees the writing on the wall of his City Hall: *Cedes co emptis saltibus et domo.* For each and all, so long as the will of Hitler and his gangsters drives the majority to the crater edge, Hell yawns when the big bombers come, destruction, evacuation and the loss of all they possess, with starvation, disease and despair to sweeten their ever-narrowing bolt-holes, and the rigours of winter to set the crown on their sufferings. There are no illusions, no two angles of view, in this awful picture. Sensitive men must ask themselves if there is no other way, no possible alternative; some escape from a retribution so fearful? There is none. Propaganda has failed to move or reason with a nation made blind and deaf and apathetic by propaganda Only bombs speak clearly, and they not yet clearly or loudly enough. The city which crowned forty Kaisers was too proud to surrender. So it ceased to exist. And that may be the fate of 100 other great and storied cities. The British and American nations, for all they have suffered, detest the barbarity of war, and are tolerant and forgiving to a fault. Russia, bled white by Nazism, desires peace above all things, even revenge. But the German people, voluntarily and with their eyes open, made a free gift to Hitler of their wills as individuals and their rights as citizens. And they have now ears to hear—nothing but bombs and the crash of masonry. And the one man who started the war still lives to obstruct the end of this universal and unspeakable tragedy. The mills of God have ground often slowly, sometimes swiftly, then more slowly again. But at last Germany is fast caught between the upper and the nether millstones, and they are grinding her to fine flour for the bitterest bread That bread they cast on the waters and now find it after many days.

AT A REQUIEM MASS FOR BELGIAN PATRIOTS: The Regent, Prince Charles, and Queen Elizabeth attending the Solemn Requiem Mass said at the National Rifle Range in Brussels for the hundreds of Belgians shot by the Germans as political prisoners or for being associated with Resistance movements. Prince Charles, the Queen and Cardinal Van Roey, Primate of Belgium, laid wreaths at the two cemeteries nearby, where 400 patriots lie buried

Basic Petrol.—Our scavengers have the order no longer to collect scrap rubber. Our official mouthpieces sometimes boast that we have petrol enough to wash our lorries withal—and then some. The Government reiterates its wise and liberal policy to relax tiresome and labour-making restrictions at the earliest opportunity, and to prepare for a swift conversion of native industries from war to peace production. Of our chief industries few are more important or more swiftly convertible than the motor-car industry. But industry needs markets, and the car-buying public's road-mindedness has atrophied from disuse. Of all our wartime restrictions, those concerned with petrol have proved the most irritating, labour-making and even inequitable. The rationing of food has been in the main fair and efficient and accepted as such; the rationing of petrol has not. The country-dweller has been treated as on all-fours with the town-dweller There has been too much cheese-paring of essential-work requirements, too much snooping into cases of misuse, especially of farmers' allowances; all too little comprehension of the difficulties of remote country dwellers, those busy men and women who have nothing to fall back on but a two-hour (or less) bus service. For these people, an essential war job in the neighbouring county town has often meant a whole day wasted in to-ing and fro-ing. And none could afford to waste a single, unforgiving hour. And all through the war many of us have been forced to sacrifice 25 per cent. of our monthly allowance in a journey to fill the tank therewith. If this Government don't announce the restoration at least of the old basic ration before November, I shall visit the vaults of the present House of Commons on or about November 5, carrying a canister of supplementary petrol—the whole of my allowance until December (a quart or thereabouts); and the Coalition will go up in smoke. It has been warned. Let the Beefeaters beware.

Not Taxed.—Sherlock Holmes discovered in the agony and advertisement columns of the Press the best text-book on knowledge of human nature, the most exciting literature and the source of his most intricate problems. I often agree with him. For instance: "Advertiser requires 5,000 acres in famous shooting country. Intends to rear pheasants on large scale after war." "Gentleman requires period house in park in Southern England, about 3,000 acres. Price no object, but first-class hunting, shooting, fishing essential. About 24 rooms." What a hope! What optimism! In parallel columns, other advertising gentlemen are offering their guns, their old clothes and their false teeth to the first buyer, and are willing to knock down their ancestral halls to the first fool who will saddle himself with a white elephant for an old song. Is it the same gentleman who seeks the period house of twenty-four rooms, who weekly and in vain pleads for a plain cook, with the lure of "Salary £4. No rough. Near bus route"? And has the gentleman who intends to rear on large scale studied the prospects of post-war farming and the upward trend of agricultural and other wages? In a word, what *is* truth? Pilate received no answer. Would Sherlock Holmes be more lucky? Has this war, after all, thrown up its new class of war profiteers, or has it in truth failed to damp that vigorous and unreasoning optimism which has made us as a nation so great and so often brought us to the crater edge? Hope is not taxed, but hopers are!

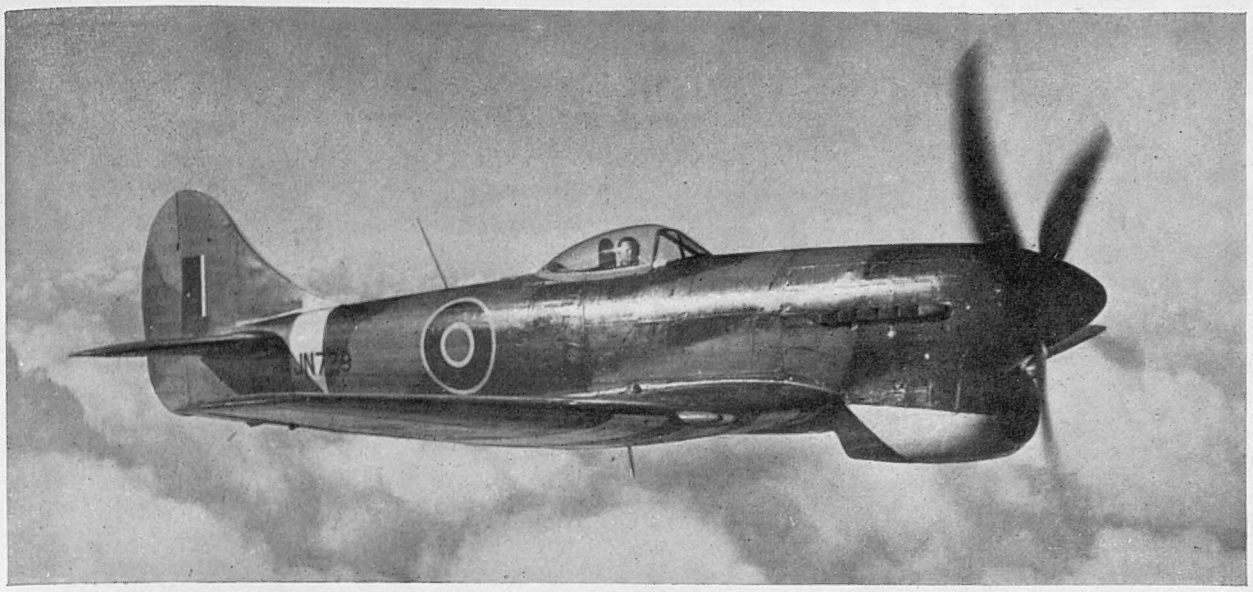
THE OLD STAGER

THE NEW TEMPEST

And the New German Jet and Rocket Aircraft

The Tempest is a single-seat, low-wing monoplane fighter produced by the famous Hawker Company and designed by Mr. Sidney Camm. It is powered with a supercharged Napier Sabre engine of 2,200 h.p., and has a four-bladed propeller. Its armament consists of four 22-mm. cannon guns: the span of the aircraft is 41 ft.; length, 33 ft. 8 ins.: height, 14 ft. 10 ins.

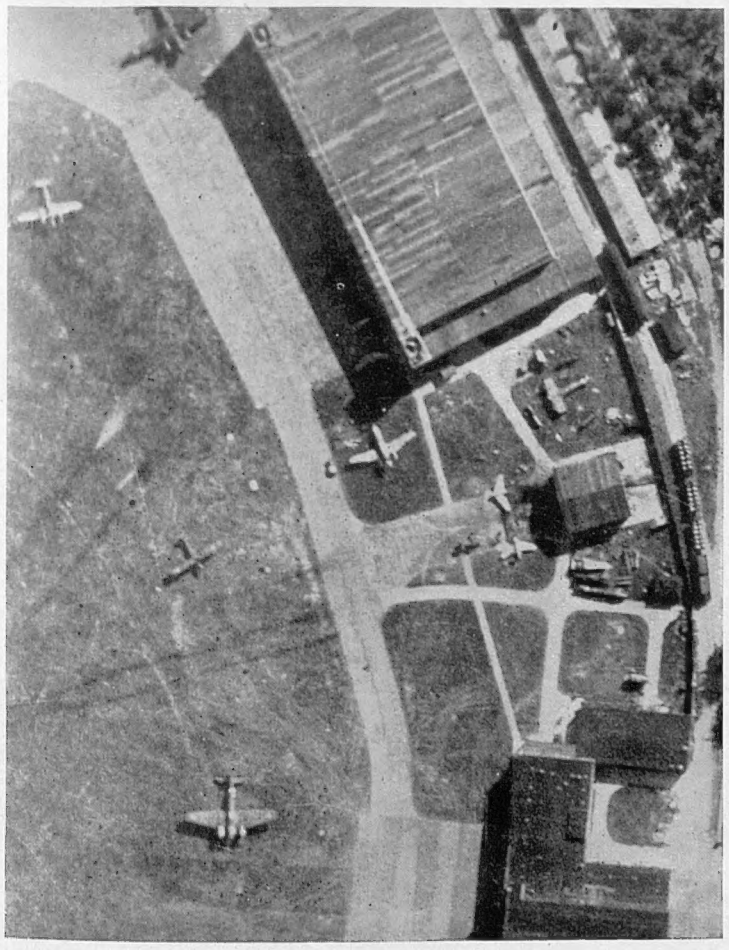
During the flying-bomb campaign against Southern England, Tempests had a great success in shooting down the missiles: one R.A.F. wing alone destroyed nearly 650 of them. This same wing is now operating from an airfield in Belgium, and on their first day the pilots shot down four German F.W. 190's.



THE NEW BRITISH TEMPEST, details of which have only just been released by the Air Ministry. This is the fighter which has been shooting down the German flying bombs *(See note at right)*

DURING THE R.A.F. DAYLIGHT RAID ON DUISBURG: A 4,000-lb. bomb and a shower of incendiaries leaving the bomb bay of a Lancaster. This picture is taken from a film made by the R.A.F. Film Production Unit during the great raid by more than 1,000 heavy bombers on October 14. Over 4,500 tons of high-explosives and incendiaries were dropped on Duisburg within twenty-five minutes. Within a few hours, this devastating blow—the heaviest single attack yet made on any German industrial city—was followed by a night assault of even greater weight

THE NEW STREAMLINED 12,000-LB. BOMB NOW BEING USED BY THE R.A.F. This is the "earthquake" bomb, which penetrates far into the earth—not only when it drops from great heights, but even from quite moderate altitudes. It achieves high terminal velocity, considerably above that of any other bomb. A delayed-action fuse is fitted and a thicker casing used, so that the bomb does not explode until it is right inside, or under, the target. It contains the heaviest possible charge of very powerful explosive. The new bombs have been mainly used against the more formidable of the long-range weapon sites and the German U-boat pens

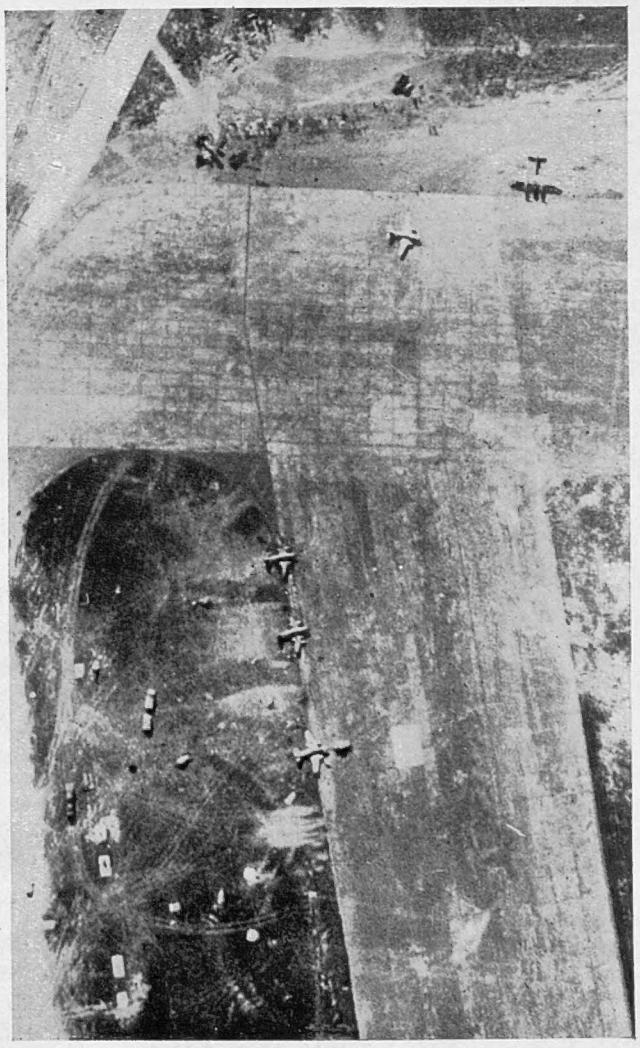


The New German Jet and Rocket Aircraft

***On left*—Two Me. 163 rocket-propelled fighters (two aircraft with flying-wing design near the small building in the centre) on the ground at Peenemunde. Note the elongated scorch marks on the airfield, caused by the jet units**

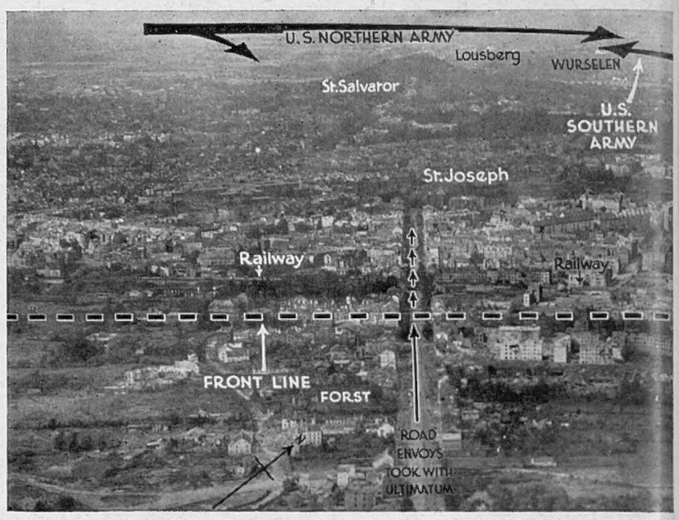
***On right*—Me. 262's near the end of a long runway at Lechfeld airfield, in Bavaria, which is one of the most important centres of jet-aircraft development**

The newest German aircraft, which are being encountered with growing frequency over Holland and North-West Germany, are the Messerschmitt 262 and 163. The former is a twin-engined, jet-propelled machine, and it is obvious that the *Luftwaffe* are attaching great importance to this new form of propulsion. The Me. 163 is a rocket-propelled aircraft, now used only for defence purposes against Allied daylight raids on Germany. Both types have so far proved a comparative failure—principally due to the lack of experience of their pilots

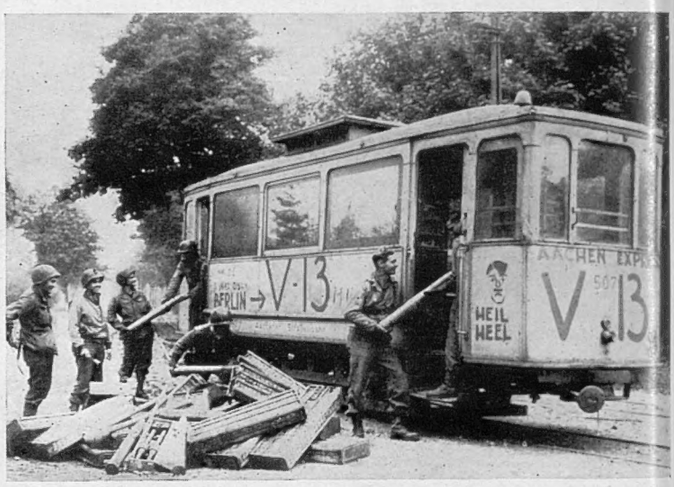


AACHEN, FIRST CITY of SIZE in GERMANY to be Bombarded by the Allied Armies —Where American Guns and Aircraft Pounded at the German Soldiers Who Refused to Surrender

HOW THE AMERICAN ENVOYS TOOK THE "SURRENDER OR DIE" ULTIMATUM to the German Commander in the city: Two American lieutenants, accompanied by a private carrying a white bed-sheet on a pole, crossed from the American First Army positions near the Aachen-Cologne railway, which runs just south of the city boundary, and carried the "Surrender or Die" ultimatum to the historic city of Aachen. On arrival at a German outpost, they were blindfolded with their own handkerchiefs, and led to a Battalion Command Post, where they handed two letters to the German adjutant. The Commander refused to surrender, and the attack on the city began in real earnest, with the Americans throwing in a terrific weight of heavy gunfire and bombs. In this picture, Lieut. Cedric A. Lafley, who delivered the ultimatum, is on the right; Lieut. W. Boehne, who acted as interpreter, is on the left; and Private Kenneth Kadin, who carried the flag of truce, is in the centre



THE CITY OF AACHEN and the devastated suburb of Forst: Aachen was formerly known as Aix-la-Chapelle: before 1815 it was part of France, being handed back to Prussia in 1815. It is a city of considerable size and it has marked historical associations which go back to the great Charlemagne. Aachen lies near the frontiers of Holland and Belgium, and is some 45 miles by rail from the even greater city of Cologne. In this picture the route followed by the American envoys to the German commander is indicated: the suburb of Forst (of which two pictures are reproduced on the right) is also marked. The famous "escape gap" through which some Germans attempted to get out is shown in the upper right at Wurselen



A "SPECIAL DEVICE" HURLED AT THE DEFENDERS OF AACHEN: Engineers of the U.S. First Army invented a secret weapon of their own, which they dubbed the "V 13," as they approached the German city. They found an Aachen tram-car still on its rails, filled it with German ammunition—consisting of 88-mm. shells and 20-mm. bullets, rocket projectiles, etc.—and then started it down a steep hill into the city. A time-fuse set off the weird projectile

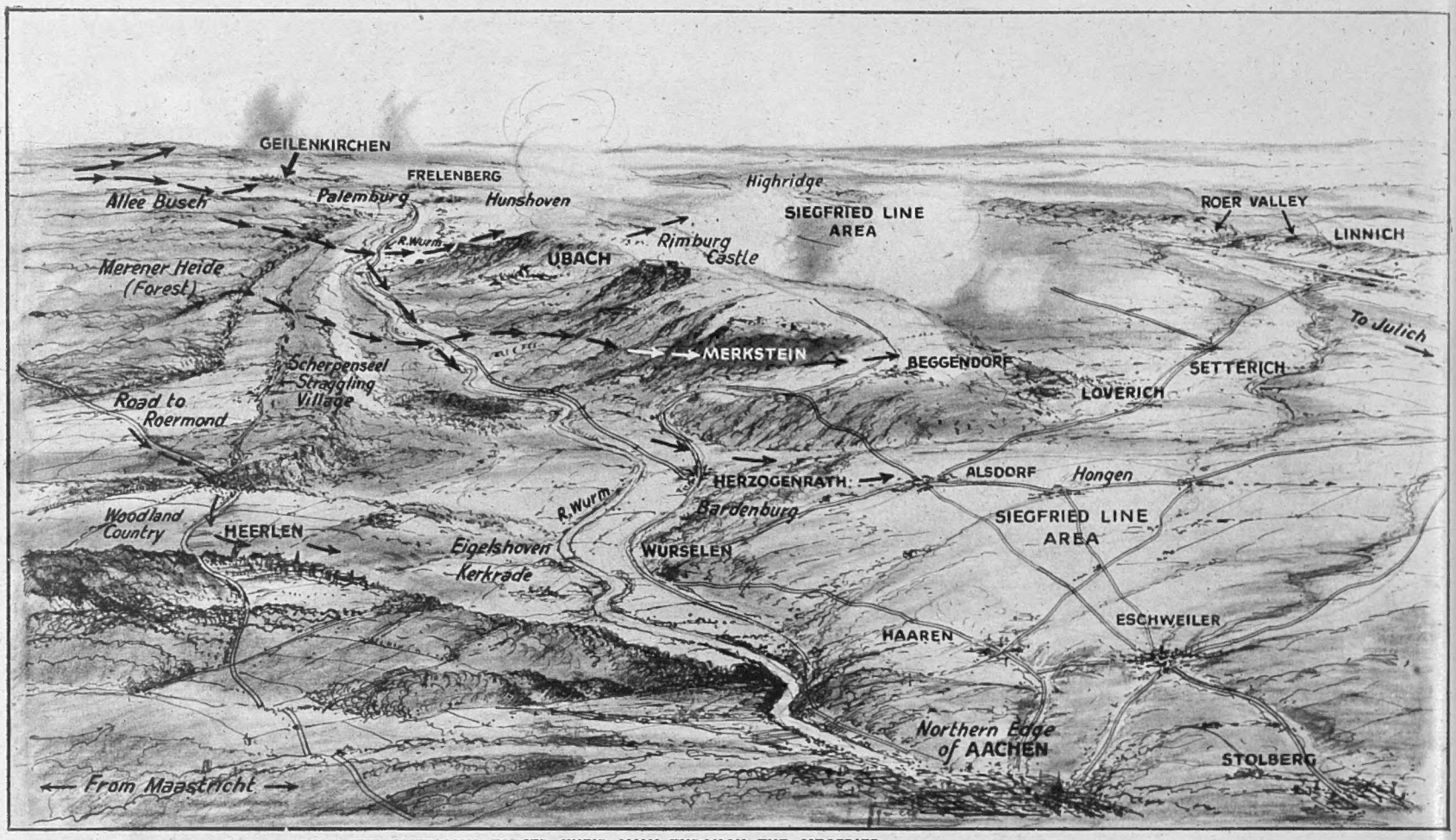
GERMAN CIVILIANS EXPERIENCE THE HORRORS OF WAR: Refugees from Ubach, near Aachen, leave their town—accompanied by a Nazi soldier-prisoner: War has now really come to the civilian population of Germany. For weeks past they have been under shell-fire and air attack north of Aachen, where General Hodges' men smashed a new gap through the Siegfried Line. The people of Ubach were glad to get out when the Americans arrived, and cluttered the roads in their march to the safety of the Allied lines

A LONG LINE OF GERMAN REFUGEES passing out of the wrecked town of Ubach to the safety of the American lines, while American war-vehicles pass through towards the battle zones

THE FINAL ASSAULT ON AACHEN OPENS, AND THE SUBURB OF AACHEN-FORST IS REDUCED TO RUBBLE. This portion of the city lies to the south of the railway-line, 150 yards away. It was the point from which the American First Army launched its all-out attack following the refusal of the German Commander to surrender. The streets of Forst are now masses of debris and rubble, caused by the intense artillery and mortar fire which preceded its capture. At the same time, American planes began to dive-bomb the city of Aachen itself, and guns of all calibres began their heavy bombardment to reduce the first important German position lying in the path of the Allied Armies

HOUSES AND STREETS IN AACHEN-FORST, ONLY 150 YARDS FROM THE MAIN CITY, reduced to rubble by the American bombardment. It was thought at first that Aachen had been entirely evacuated by its civilian population, but later it was found that many hundreds had remained in their houses to share the perils of bombardment with the Nazi garrison

b



HOW THE AMERICANS FORCED THEIR WAY THROUGH THE SIEGFRIED LINE TO THE NORTH OF AACHEN, by way of the ridge of hills beyond the River Wurm. This drawing shows the Ubach area, in which heavy fighting took place and in which the German escape route from Aachen was threatened (see *notes below*)—*Drawing by Percy Home*

BREAKING THROUGH the SIEGFRIED LINE

—And Two Impressions of the Fighting in the Flat and Water-Filled Country in Belgium and Holland

—*Special* Sphere *Drawings*

At last a gap has been made, ten miles north of Aachen, through the formidable defences of the Siegfried Line, which had been strengthened by every device known to the enemy—dragon's teeth, concrete and steel pill-boxes, anti-tank ditches, foxholes, mines and heavy wire. After a week of bitter and concentrated fighting the American First Army, under General Hodges, achieved a great success in cutting their way through, making a wedge, about ten miles wide at its base and six miles at its deepest penetration.

The assault began on Monday, October 2, on a cold, cloudy morning. Heavy artillery cut two roadways through the wire and got some direct hits on the pill-boxes. Bombers followed, dropping incendiary bombs on the pill-boxes, after which the infantry began to advance, having to wade through the River Wurm, waist deep. It was 12-ft. wide and running rapidly. The ground on the other side was wet and muddy after the heavy rain of the week before. The troops were faced by the fire from many pill-boxes, using their 37-mm. guns. Each pill-box had to be overcome before any advance could be made; but the troops pressed on, capturing pill-boxes and cutting the railway line to Geilenkirchen, the small mining town lying to the north-west. On Tuesday, October 3, the Americans had got on to the ridge above the river, cleared fifty pill-boxes, and captured Ubach, making an advance of four miles. Bridges had been thrown across the Wurm, though the enemy kept up heavy shelling, and troops poured across. The weather was cold and wet, drenching the men as they forced their way along the ridge. A fierce struggle took place around the old castle of Rimburg, which had been incorporated into the defensive line. It stood on high ground, among woods, and was surrounded by a moat. The Germans behind its 15-ft. walls fought desperately, but the Americans stormed into the castle, where a grim contest ensued.

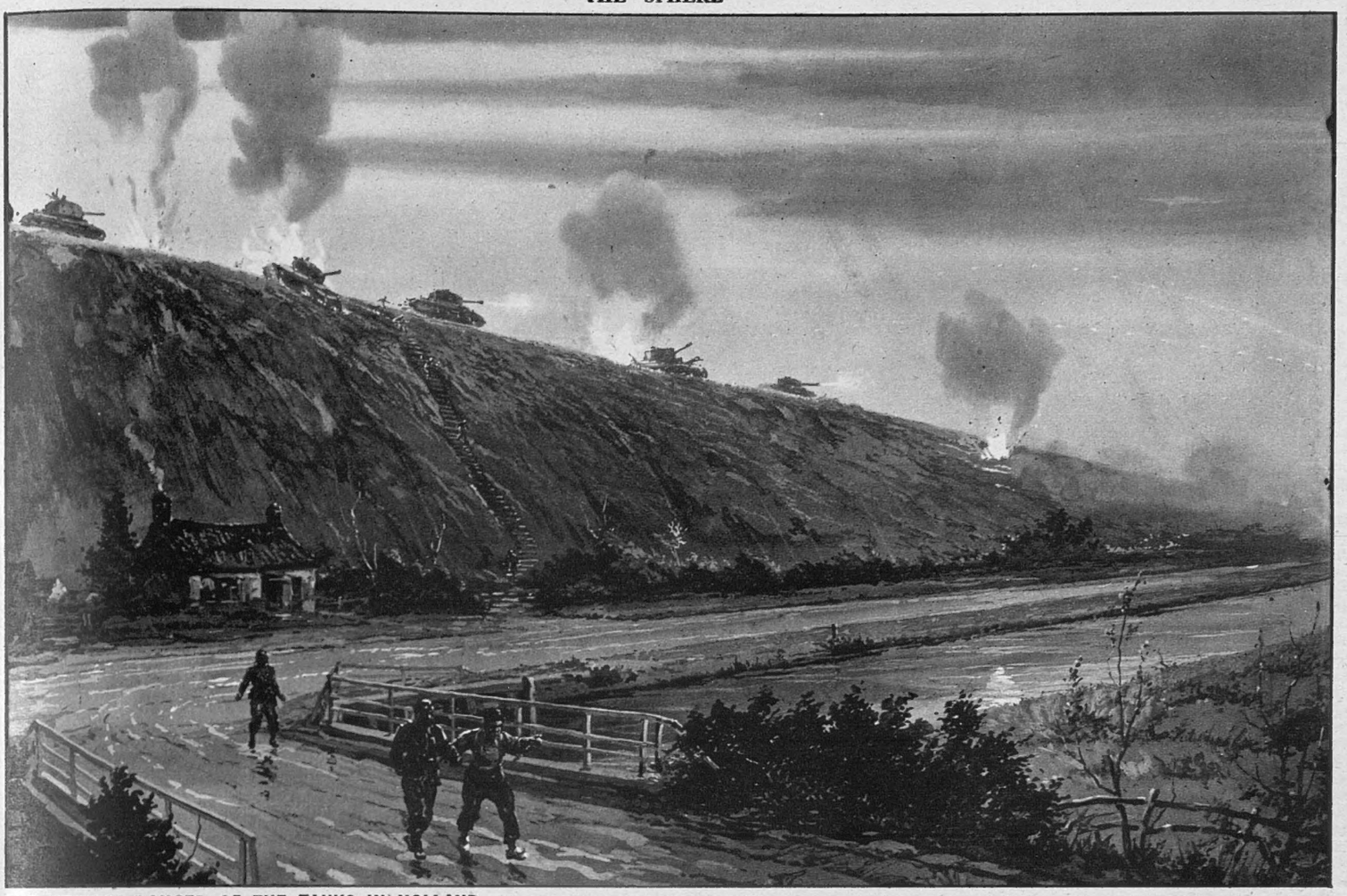
On the other side of the river, north-west of Ubach, the Americans had had a tough battle in the dense forest near Palemberg. The Germans made three strong counter-attacks, starting at 5 a.m.; one being in the Merkstein area at the end of the ridge, another south-east of Ubach, and a third to the north-west of Ubach; all of them were repulsed. Beggendorf, lying between Ubach and Merkstein on the ridge, was entered by Sherman tanks on Thursday, October 5, meeting German tanks in a furious encounter. It had been a panzer harbour, and for the next two days it was the scene of much fighting till it was firmly occupied by the Americans.

The weather had continued bad with much low cloud preventing air assistance, and the country was difficult, alternating between rough slag heaps and thick woodland. But on the Friday the weather changed, the sky became a cloudless blue, and the Air Force came in to support the troops, breaking up the heavy counter-attack made by the enemy using big Tiger tanks. At first this attack forced the Allies to retire some way, but the attack gradually weakened and broke off, and by the end of the day most of the ridge was held from Ubach to Merkstein, though the latter place was still held by the enemy.

By Saturday the resistance of the enemy lessened, and the Americans pressed on to Alsdorf, which was taken during the afternoon. By the capture of Alsdorf, eight miles to the north of Aachen, the great city was now in danger of being surrounded. The First American Army was on its western side; Stolberg, eight miles to the east, was firmly held by the Americans, thus leaving only one narrow way of escape.

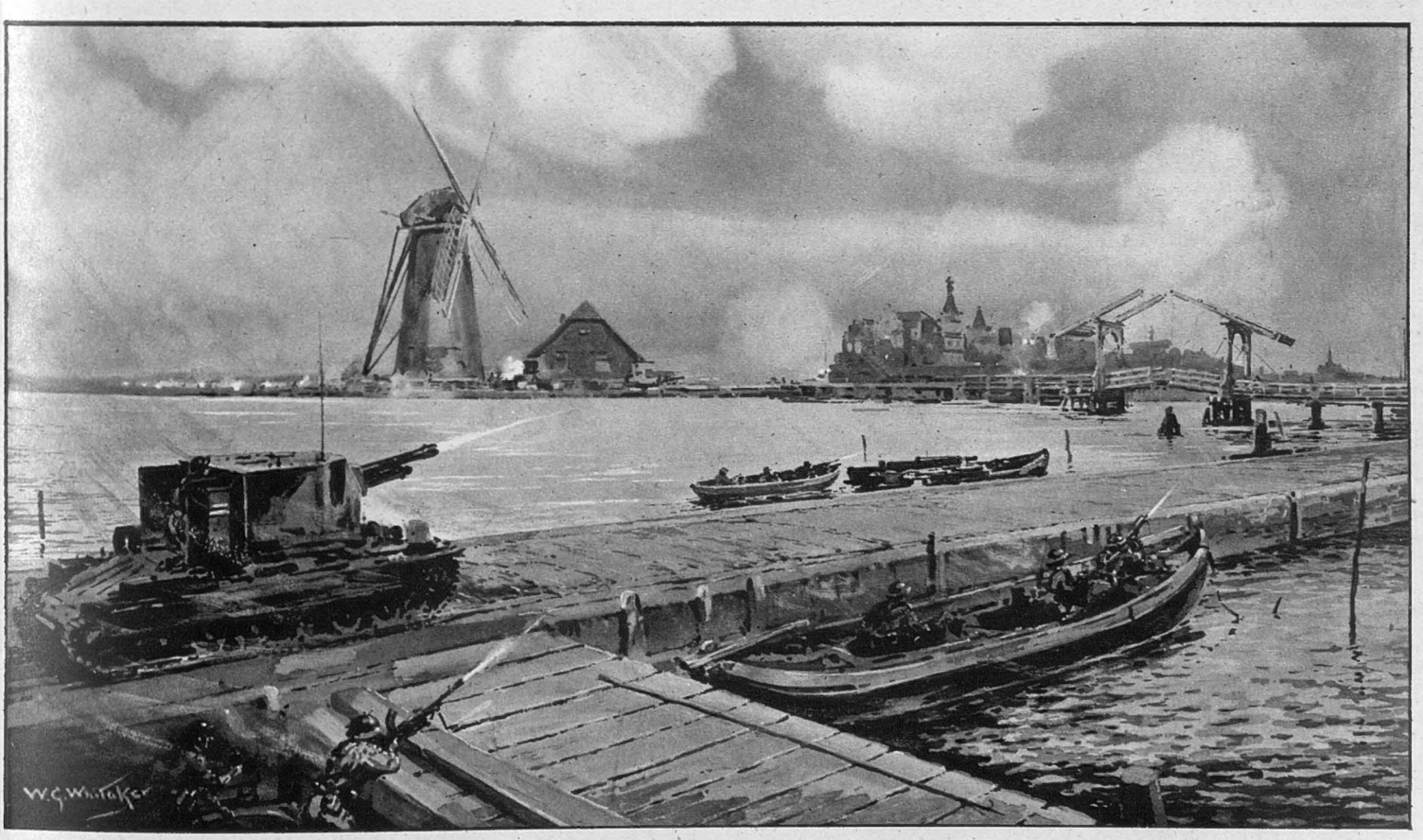
AS THE OCCUPANTS OF THE JEEP move into German territory on the Belgian-German border, they are confronted with this sign warning them to be on the alert

AFTER THE PIERCING OF THE SIEGFRIED LINE: Soldiers of an American Engineer Battalion, after having cleared the way through the "Dragon's Teeth," guard the bridge which they had built through the concrete blocks and other obstructions



THE NEWEST DANGER OF THE TANKS IN HOLLAND: SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SKYLINE ON THE HIGH, RAISED DUTCH ROADS OF THE POLDER COUNTRY.
In such places the tanks show up clear against the skyline with little protection against the enemy's guns—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

In a report on the operations around Arnhem and the subsequent fighting in the country around the Dutch Rhine, Mr. Christopher Buckley pointed to one reason for the delay in the Second Army's plan of campaign. This was "caused by the necessity of substituting infantry for tanks in the spearhead of the relief column on the crucial day. When we entered terrain where the roads were carried on dykes above the level of the surrounding country, our tanks were clearly silhouetted against a false skyline. We suffered some losses and were clearly liable to suffer more as a result. So General Horrocks promptly decided to draw off his armour and bring up infantry in their place."



FIGHTING IN A LAND OF CANALS AND RIVERS: THE WATERWAY COUNTRY THROUGH WHICH THE BRITISH AND CANADIANS ARE NOW ADVANCING IN BELGIUM AND HOLLAND—a land of dykes and rivers and canals, and of narrow roadways just above the water-level—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The terrain in front of the First Canadian Army and the British Second Army under General Dempsey differs very much from the rolling hill country in which the Americans have been fighting further south. Both have their peculiar difficulties. There are no reinforced strong-points perched in hillside clefts to fire down on our men; but there is a system of waterways penetrating soft-surfaced meadowland in every direction. Its complexities have on occasion proved very baffling. Vision may be curtailed by a huge modern roadway carried high on an embankment running for miles until it is lost in the hazy distance. It is a difficult matter to decide whether it is better to be high up or low down. Sometimes there has been no choice. The approaches to our targets have been through "flat terrain, intersected by canals and streams where the enemy has excellent opportunity of hindering our advance by demolitions." Many of the local bridges are not made to take tanks, as the typical one shown in the above drawing, where troops are closing in on a town surrounded by waterways. Nearly all the territory west of the Eindhoven road towards Turnhout and Gheel is of this character, the smaller waterways being bounded to north and south by the big through-traffic canals. Enemy opposition from infantry and tanks has been heavy in this region—an area, as one correspondent remarks, specially difficult for tanks, for the open country is split up into ditches and open water

JOURNEY AROUND the NAZI UNDERGROUND

The Plans Now Being Prepared by Nazi Die-Hards for Resistance in the German Maquis After the Defeat of the Wehrmacht

By FERDINAND TUOHY

WE should hand one thing to the Nazis: they tell others in advance what they propose to do. Twenty years ago Hitler was sitting in Landsberg, writing most of what came off during the years 1933-42. And now here is his Gang giving us a preview of what they mean by resistance to the approaching occupation of the Reich.

Some of it is screamed from the platform and in print; some of it comes out in decrees that have to be published or is clearly discernible in propaganda patches, even in the movements of personalities. Or it just slips out involuntarily. No doubt it is true that Goebbels hopes to impress the Allies by shouting big. At the same time, he presents them with a panorama of the Nazi Underground, sections of which they can discard as unlikely, or, conversely, prepare to meet.

At the summit of the picture we are vouchsafed a vision of the Nazi chieftains falling back on the Bavarian and Austrian Alps, the Olympic winter-sport centre of Garmisch-Partenkirchen being mentioned as well suited to an initial headquarters' stand. Great mountain caves in the neighbourhood are being filled, so it is said, with stores of food, equipment and munitions. Defences are being laid out on the slopes. Hitler Youth is being trained to emulate the deeds of crack mountain divisions, notably Austrian, and now seriously depleted.

The idea would appear to be to keep a great thought hovering over the rest of Germany: "Here we are, scores of thousands of us, holding out across hundreds of miles of mountains and the beloved Führer in our midst! Don't lose heart! We shall come again at the right moment!"

From mountain headquarters, wherever Allied operations might drive them, constant and widespread liaison would be maintained with the Underground movement down in the Reich. The aim of this movement would be twofold: to render the occupation as difficult as possible by creating chaotic conditions in every sphere and making life one increasing burden for the occupying forces. And allied with this, a sustained campaign designed to prevent the building-up of any form of political life in Germany which would be disposed to work with the Allies. Assassination of anyone who tries; a carry-on of the deaths of Erzberger and Rathenau, but on a huge scale.

It is remarked that, without civilian goodwill, armed outlaws or "Maquis" cannot endure and that the German people will soon get sick of risking their skins with Eisenhower by helping the Nazi Resistance at back-doors. William Shirer, of *Berlin Diary*, stakes the opinion that "it's all boloney"—this talk of nation-wide covert warfare. My own view is that very much will turn on the state of the German tummy. If this gets really hungry, and it should, considering how it has been (figuratively) feeding for years on mountains of bloody *filet* (German delight), then the population may come to the front door and take risks talking with the Allied occupants.

Yet it has to be remembered that, unlike the French Maquis, which never numbered more than a very small proportion of the male population, its German counterpart would presumably be composed of most of the Nazi Party members, numbering well over a million, together with a vast concourse of vicious horrors of youths and boys. It was obvious all along that, if driven to it, Hitler would rely on boys—and why not? They are more use than the middle-aged for the sort of business to be attempted inside Germany, even for much of the kind of warfare now in vogue.

Another facet in the general scheme is to keep German children up to the mark by purely oral teaching, necessitating microphones glued to every classroom if we are to keep check of it. We may destroy all the Nazi books and supply new ones, as has just been done to the tune of 4,000,000 school books in Italy, but if French schoolteachers managed to steer their classes wide of Vichy poison, why should their German opposites fail at the same sort of job?

Turn to grown-ups. Most officers under forty are Nazis, but the Underground claims, or banks on, those that are not. Already officers are saving themselves in unsoldierly manner, and it is the Nazi plan that they shall lose their identities or camouflage themselves in civilian posts. Things will decidedly not be what they seem according to the census. Already the Government is losing hold of civilians, who, what, where they are; as the Resistance develops, this civil chaos may be turned against the occupying Allies.

Inventors, scientists and chemists must, in particular, be preserved out of sight of the Allied investigators and mobile columns of surveillance. These valued mortals will take their secrets underground and add to them during the years of occupation, thus enabling never-silent wireless voices to remind all Germans that new V-weapons are in gestation for the certain turn-about. The Allies may emasculate or absorb all German industrial processes liable to be turned to war-waging account; they'll never eradicate brilliant minds capable of supplanting Tiger tanks by laboratory gnats.

Then there's the financial aspect. The fraud by which the Germans "proved poverty" last time is well known. They deliberately inflated until, in 1923, one had to take a suitcase to the luncheon-table in order to pay one's bill. This served completely to hide the national wealth and income until, in 1924, Schacht and Cuno produced the Rentenmark out of a top-hat, so that the British on the Rhine became impoverished overnight at sixteen marks to the £, while the Germans began to ride round in Mercédès.

Well, Goebbels is seeing in advance that Germany won't have a *pfennig* on view when the Allies knock for restitution. Measures have been taken to hide all profits and turnovers, shares and assets. Fortunes will be untraceable. Having wrecked the finances of every country they occupied, the Nazis plan to avoid the like befalling Occupied Germany.

Next, Göring's paper has informed us of the German intention to retain a selection of valuable hostages and to kill these as and when members of the Nazi hierarchy suffer death directly or indirectly at the hands of the Allies. The Nazis have all their camps and prisons to choose from, including prisoners of war, and they reckon that the holding of a few thousand captives well away from Allied rescue will not be beyond their powers. From this sort of thing, to the fanning of a "holy war" steeped in revivalism, is a quite bridgeable gulf. Haven't the Nazis played the religious card in the past, outside Germany, while inside the country official policy has been virulently anti-religion? Goebbels must deem such tricks easy work. The spectacle of a Reich gone devout in its misery would be bound to have appeal externally, and in high places too, when judged beside the onrolling waves of "God-denying Communism."

I recall a monk named Dionysius who got Cologne completely fervent. He was given his head by Cardinal Hartmann, who turned out one of the best adepts at "finessing" that even a Stresemann could wish for. Expect more, but much more, in like vein. Lutheran, too, and Evangelical.

Then there are graft and generally "getting round" the forces of occupation. To begin with, Germans may be menacingly told not to take American chocolate. That meets the time of highest crisis, when everything is slipping. But there is no surer way of throwing a monkey-wrench into the wheels of an occupation than paling-up to one army involved, and it would be odd indeed if the Germans have forgotten how only one American division remained in Germany after slightly more than a year of the last occupation. Americans are hardly squatters when it comes to mopping-up wars, whose aftermath gets them puzzled.

As for the graft, the Germans boast they've learnt all there is to learn from Russia's guerillas, Tito's partisans and the French Maquis. One thing they learnt was how to sell stores, equipment and munitions to the Maquis. So the hope is to acquire kindred aids to resistance inside Germany by tempting members of the occupying forces.

Moves which the Nazis are already taking go to show that they intend to project their resistance beyond the confines of the Reich. The quislings they've taken back with them, like Pétain and Degrelle, are being shoved forward to head Governments in exile, on the London example. Italian, Bulgarian and Rumanian "Governments" are supposed to exist already, and Ribbentrop is trying to fake up a Finnish one, to be followed, no doubt, by a Hungarian. By this means, the Nazis hope to keep alive the large Fifth Columns and collaborationist societies which they have left behind in this and that country.

Keep adjacent countries as unsettled as possible! "Jumpy," too. Thus, we are advised that many thousands of followers of Darnand and Doriot will be smuggled over to France, so that they may sabotage and murder. This Nazi-Fascist war goes on, proclaim its inceptors.

Further help is expected from the 2,000,000 Germans who were settled in the occupied countries—that is, unless the Allies push them all out, which will be impossible down to the last man. We may be sure, too, that the Nazis are taking good care to fix up a host of paid agents abroad, in addition to the friends (unpaid) they already possess. But this is supposition, whereas the bulk of what I have written comes from the Nazis themselves.

My conclusion this week lacks modesty. To quote the national saying: "I'm sorry." But it's like this. Some time ago I began a book on the forthcoming Occupation, and that was as far as I got. However, the opening paragraph now sounds apt, so I don't see why it should go waste. Here it is, anyway:

"In undertaking the occupation of a foreign country in the twentieth century, it is very necessary to fix clearly one's reason for so doing, and thereafter to keep this motive steadily in mind, in case attempts should be made to use the military sanction for purposes other than those originally intended. If anything is to be learnt from modern occupations on a major scale, then this is it: to agree among Allies upon a central plan and afterwards to stick to it loyally, for when this or that party deviates under the pull of opportunism or *arrière-pensée*, be sure this sets up cracks which widen until the whole enterprise, becoming muddled and tainted, gradually ceases to fulfil its original aims, not least that of holding a vanquished wrongdoer in place while he is being made safe for his neighbours."

THE LEADERS OF GERMANY TO-DAY—and, maybe, of to-morrow? Hitler, with Keitel, Chief of Staff; Doenitz, Chief of the Navy; and Himmler, Chief of the Gestapo

THE GERMANS IN DEFEAT TAKE TO CIVILIAN CLOTHING: Hundreds of prisoners are reaching this country daily from the battlefields in Europe. All the men seen in this picture are soldiers: those in civilian clothes were rounded up after they had tried to elude capture by discarding their grey-green uniforms and pretending to be peasants and workers

The CAMPAIGN in BURMA

Where British Troops are Fighting On Throughout the Season of Monsoon

THE NATURE OF THE COUNTRY IN THE ARAKAN AREA: Looking towards the enemy positions in the Kalapanzin Hills. This picture was taken from Wembley Hill, near Maungdaw. The Valley beyond the British positions is No-Man's land. "We will fight on through the monsoon." With these words, the forces under the command of Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten learned that that which had hitherto been regarded as impracticable was to be a reality. The Japs thought fighting under monsoon conditions impossible, but the Allied Armies in South-east Asia have proved that fighting and winning battles under monsoon conditions is not impossible to men with determination who are prepared to combat not only the enemy, but fevers and vermin-ridden country that the jungle offers as battle ground. These troops, often soaked to the skin for days on end, are living and fighting in humid, leech-ridden country where the slightest exercise causes perspiration to ooze from every pore

A MULE-LEADER IN ARAKAN BRINGS UP SUPPLIES along a roughly made track. All about is the dense and unhealthy Burmese jungle

THE BATTLE FOR PINBAW: Men of the East Lancashire Regiment use rubber assault boats for the crossing of the Nanson Chaung on the way to Pinbaw, strategic Burmese village which is now in Allied hands

A SECTION OF THE 1ST ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS searching the ruins of Pinbaw for enemy snipers. The capture of this village was effected despite the monsoon rains

FIGHTING THROUGH THE MONSOON SEASON and overcoming transport difficulties: Engineers devise a system of supplies by means of the jeep in Burma. In the past, war in Burma ceased at the coming of the monsoon; it seems that even the Japanese had not considered the possibility of the Allies overcoming the major problems of a monsoon war. But the Allies had the initiative and—the jeep. The routing of the Japs has been due, to a great extent, to the continual flow of supplies brought between Myitinka and Mogaung by jeeps running on a road-rail assembly, changing wheels at railroads and advancing towards the front lines at a loaded speed of some 20 miles per hour. Trucks hauled by jeeps have brought all the supplies to this front, and this miniature Burmese railway system has taken an increasingly valuable part in the final defeat of the Japanese

DURING THE PINBAW BATTLE. Major-General Festing, Commander of the 36th Division in Northern Burma (filling pipe); a Battalion Commander; and a British Brigadier planning the next move in the advance on the village. Representative of the tremendous task before the Fourteenth Army are these pictures of the fighting on the approaches to Pinbaw, strategic Japanese village which is now in Allied hands. Every ton of armour had to be manhandled across mountain ranges and through scrubby jungle country, with tempestuous mountain torrents and wide turbulent rivers to add to the problem. This new warfare which the British have learned so well is second nature to the wiry Jap soldier: it is indicative of British resourcefulness that the Jap has been so soundly beaten on his own ground

PELELIU ISLAND—ZERO HOUR, MINUS TEN MINUTES, SEPTEMBER 15. Army and Marine assault troops in small landing boats, accompanied by rocket-firing landing craft, have started clearing the water's edge along the beach. Heavy enemy installations are already smouldering from the air and sea bombardment by planes and ships of Admiral Halsey's Third Fleet

INVASION in the CENTRAL PACIFIC

The Americans Land on Peleliu Island, in the Palau Group

Pictures Before, and During, the Assault in the Western Carolines

On September 15 the American plans in the Central Pacific were taken a step further towards completion. On that day American Marines and Army assault troops landed on Peleliu Island, in the Palau group, in the Western Carolines.

The landings were made under the command of Vice-Admiral Wilkinson, commanding the Third Amphibious Force, and of Major-General Julian Smith, of the U.S. Marines. They were effected under cover of a heavy bombardment by carrier aircraft and warships of Admiral Halsey's Third Fleet, including some of the newest and heaviest battleships. Beachheads were established against the fiercest Japanese opposition, and savage fighting continued throughout the whole of D-Day, September 15. Enemy counter-attacks in defence of the airfield which the Marines had captured were driven off, and the Americans—with artillery, tanks, naval and air support—widened their beachhead to two miles.

FAR TO THE LEFT, FIRES BURN ON THIS STRATEGIC ISLAND IN THE PALAU GROUP ON D-DAY. The bombardment Task Force which has been hammering at the island's defences cruises on the horizon, while smaller units await zero hour to move in for a final clearance of the beach. Hundreds of landing craft full of assault troops are assembling in the foreground

The Palau Islands are of great strategical importance, as they command the sea and air routes from China and Japan to New Guinea and the Dutch East Indies: they were the last big Japanese stronghold in the Central Pacific.

According to the first Jap reports, about forty American transports appeared off Peleliu, and about 350 landing boats laden with troops approached the south-west coast of the island: they claimed that the first thirty barges had struck mines in the reefs, and that later American arrivals were landing tanks and men when the Jap garrison on the island suddenly opened fire on the invaders.

Shortly after the invasion, the U.S. Marines occupied Asias, the principal town on Peleliu; and Ngarmoked Island, to the south, was also captured. Within three days more than 5,400 Japs had been killed on Peleliu alone. Twelve days after D-Day it was announced that the whole island was under American control. Thus the Americans have advanced one stage further towards the Philippines, which are now directly threatened; whilst the rest of the wide Pacific Ocean is dominated by the powerful American fleet—with the Jap Navy standing by and unwilling to fight.

Rocket-firing Infantry Landing Craft, lined up just off the beach, have now ceased firing, so that the "Am-tracks" can go ashore on Peleliu Island on September 15

Two-way traffic at Peleliu as transports with men and materials go in and out to the beaches on D-Day. Jap installations are going up in smoke along the beach as the result of the combined air and sea bombardment

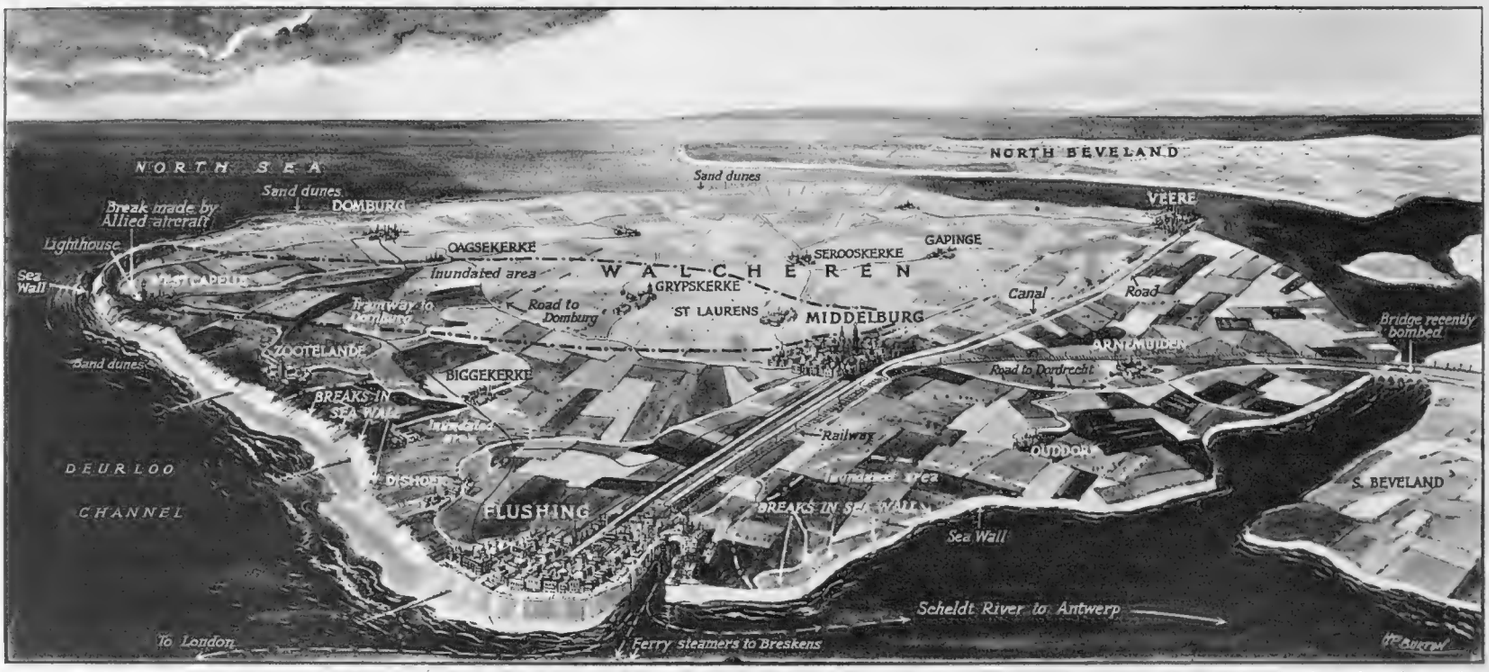
AS A ROCKET-FIRING L.C.I. LAYS DOWN A BARRAGE ON THE ALREADY-OBSCURED BEACH AT PELELIU, a wave of Alligators churns towards the island to storm the Jap defences. This picture, taken at the start of the invasion, shows the tough little amphibious tanks, with their turret-housed cannon, going in as the American barrage lifts at zero hour on September 15

A SCENE ON THE INVASION BEACH: The versatile "Am-tracks" and tanks are crawling inland, while bulldozers set about getting runways and roads in order for the tremendous flow of supplies

BARRELS OF PETROL, OIL AND WATER ARE ROLLED ACROSS THE 500 YARDS OF REEF from transports and supply ships to the Marines fighting on Peleliu. Marines, sailors and Construction Battalion men co-operated in this barrel-rolling task

AFTER A SHORT RESPITE, Marines move along a supply-line road to take up positions in the front line. Jap installations in the background bear the marks of the pre-invasion bombardment and the beach battles which followed

THIS IS A GENERAL VIEW OF THE JAPANESE BARRACKS AREA, taken from the administration building on the airport. It was heavily bombarded by ships and aircraft before the invasion: it was then further battered during the subsequent fighting on the island after the Marines and Army had gained their foothold

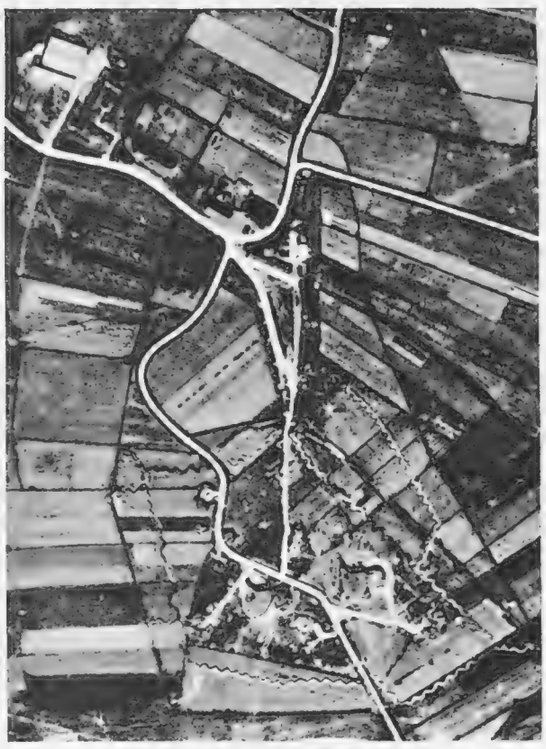


THE DUTCH ISLAND AT THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER SCHELDT—a view taken from the south, showing the alternation of sand dunes and sea walls. The break made by the R.A.F. at Westcapelle is indicated on the left. The island is now stated to be three-quarters flooded—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*

The FLOODING of WALCHEREN ISLAND

How the Sea Walls were Broken by Bombers of the R.A.F.

The island of Walcheren is one of the most interesting portions of the territory making up modern Holland. It is the most westerly of the large islands bordering the Scheldt, and its western side faces the open waters of the North Sea. It is roughly diamond-shaped. It was at the western apex that the heavy bombs (12,000 lb.) of the R.A.F. broke the sea barrier near Westcapelle. A continuous line of dunes, from Flushing round by Westcapelle to Veere, forms the sea protection for this part of the island—the remainder of the perimeter is formed by an artificial sea wall. The breakage of the sea barrier at Westcapelle would naturally take advantage of the force of any westerly gale driving the sea water through the gap created by the bombs. The sea-wall protection of the exposed parts of Holland has required constant care. The local population are provided with the implements necessary for making an immediate attack on a dyke break. Middelburg, the chief town of the island, contains a fine town hall. It occupies a central position on the line of the Flushing-Veere Canal. Veere is a little port to the north-east, much beloved of artists. Domburg was a thriving sea-bathing resort and residential area. Flushing was one of the busiest gateways into Europe up to September 1939. Continental expresses took travellers through Germany to Eastern Europe



BEFORE THE BREAKING OF THE SEA WALL: German defence positions near Westcapelle. The zigzag lines are slit trenches: wire entanglements run round the perimeter

AFTER THE ATTACK ON OCTOBER 3: Sea water rushing in through the breach has flooded the area and filled the trenches. The defence perimeter is still traceable

THE FLOODS BEGIN TO PENETRATE THE ISLAND after the breaching of the sea wall. This reconnaissance picture was taken by the Second Tactical Air Force on October 4, the day after the attack by the R.A.F.

HOW THE WALL WAS BREACHED: The sand dunes run down towards the left of the picture; here the dyke has been constructed to keep out the sea, and here the R.A.F. dropped their heavy bombs. The country just inland is already flooded; but since this picture was taken (a few hours after the first attack), the floods have spread considerably. Eleven thousand Germans are thought to have comprised the garrison of Walcheren Island

GERMANY'S GIRDLE OF ISLANDS

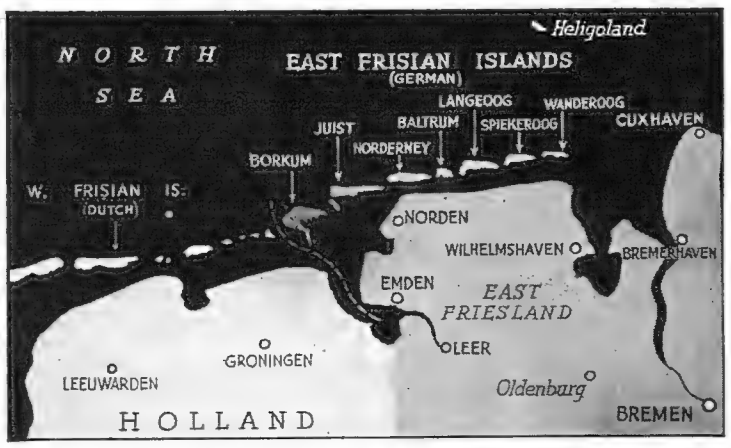
In the "Riddle of the Sands" Area

Where a Large Number of German Troops are Locked Up on Defence Duties

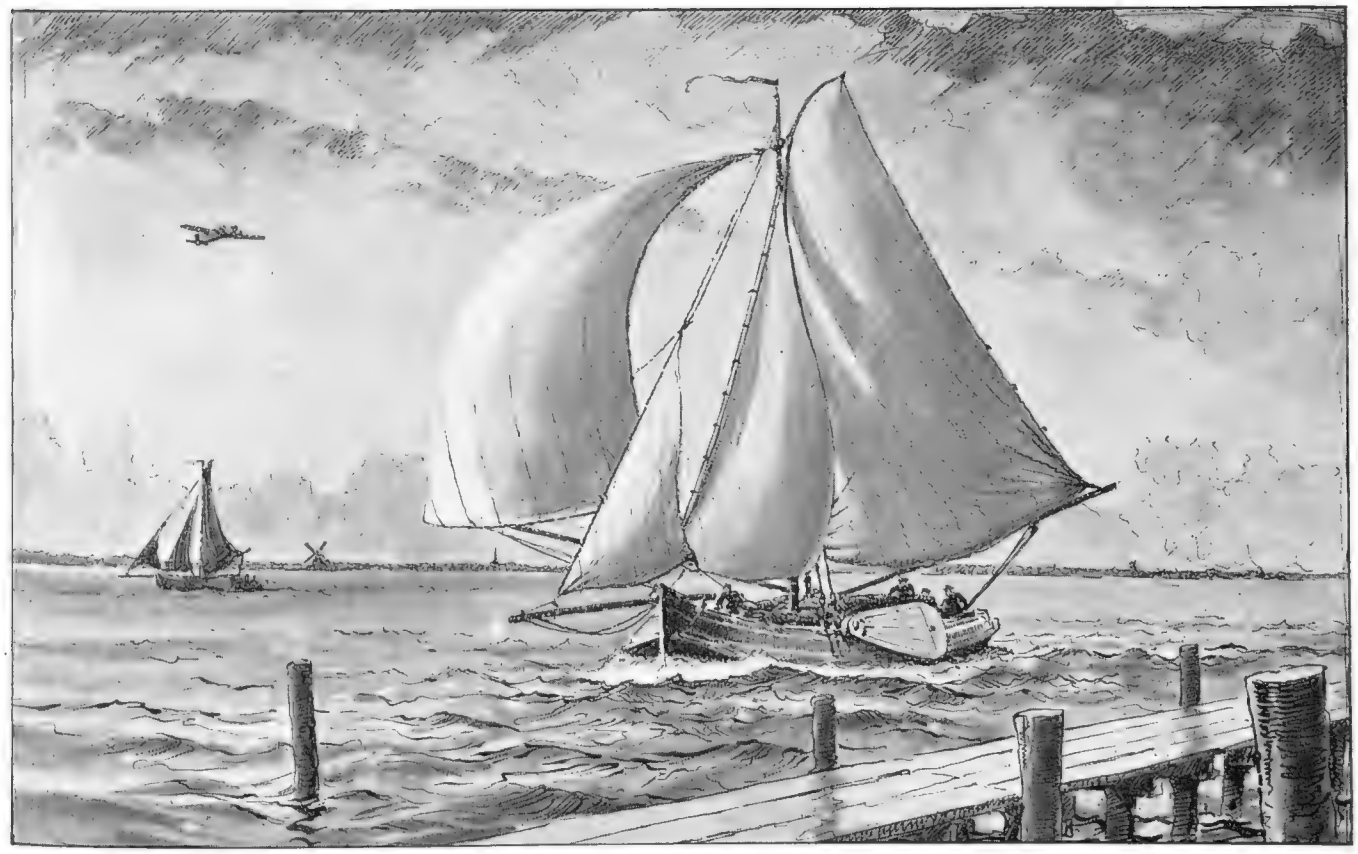
AMONGST THE ISLANDS AND MUD FLATS GUARDING THE FRIESIAN COAST OF GERMANY: A British coastal patrol craft overhauls a Dutch sailing-barge, used by the enemy for supply purposes and for the evacuation of troops from Belgium and Holland
—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

Running from Borkum up to Cuxhaven, the Germans possess a number of islands and mud flats which guard their "back door" entrance from the North Sea. It is undoubted that the defences on these islands have been greatly strengthened during recent years: in 1936 they were visited by Hitler himself, to see how the work was progressing.

Throughout the war, British submarines, aircraft and light patrol vessels (of the type shown in the drawing above) have been busy attacking German coastal shipping within this area—often with considerable result. Now, with "Little Ships" to spare (owing to the freeing of the Channel ports) and with aircraft in great numbers, the British stranglehold on the islands is tightening.



THE CHAIN OF ISLANDS WHICH PROTECT NORTH-WEST GERMANY, and which figured largely in the famous "Riddle of the Sands." A considerable number of German garrisons are immobilised among these islands, but may not be moved owing to fear of invasion



A GERMAN VESSEL RUNS THE GAUNTLET IN DUTCH WATERS: Rushing for a landing-place as a patrolling British plane comes overhead. The vessel shown in the drawing is a Dutch pleasure yacht, which is the type of craft the Germans would use, as it is very fast, in spite of its clumsy appearance—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

On left—The constant watch by air maintained by the Allies on the waterways of the Lower Scheldt and the adjacent tidal estuaries makes the task of conveying supplies by river very difficult for the Germans. All kinds of local craft are employed by them, from barges to big sailing-craft. Here a Dutch pleasure yacht is hurriedly attempting to reach a landing stage on the southern shore of the Scheldt: all sail has been crammed on during the run down this stretch of the river. Besides the ordinary mainsail and jib, a foresail has been hoisted from the bowsprit, while a big balloon-sail attached to a spinnaker has also been rigged up. Amidships is one of the leaboards so frequently employed by Dutch sailing-craft to ensure a true course. When lowered, this board prevents what a landsman might describe as "side-slip."

GERMAN FIGHTER AIRCRAFT REAPPEAR, TO OPPOSE THE R.A.F. OVER THE LOW COUNTRIES : The types of British and German aircraft which have been meeting in combat during the daylight battles in Holland—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

During recent days it has seemed to observers in Holland that the *Luftwaffe* has been trying to stage a come-back. Time was in France, Belgium and Holland when nothing would induce the Germans to come up and accept the challenge of the R.A.F. But now the enemy have been staging battles—and "banking everything they have got on their new jet-engined fighters and fighter-bombers." At the same time, the new jet-interceptor fighters are being prepared by the Germans to defend the Reich against our bombers and fighter-bombers. The types of aircraft principally engaged over Holland are shown in the above drawing: as usual, Spitfires are prominent on the British side, ably supported by Tempests. The principal German planes are the now-familiar Me. 109's and F.W. 190's, to which have now been added the new jet-propelled Me. 262's. The latter aircraft have been sighted many times, and some have already been shot down by Allied pilots

The COME-BACK of the LUFTWAFFE in Holland

To Give Battle to the R.A.F. Over the Dutch Battlefields

—Special Sphere Drawings

On right—It would now appear to be a regular operation of the *Luftwaffe* to bomb any town or city immediately after it has been liberated by the Allies. The Sphere's artist has here recorded one such recent strafing of a town which had dared to rejoice after the departure of the *Herrenvolk*. The scene is Eindhoven, which was bombed a few hours after it was freed from the Nazi domination. Our fighters were not at work in this area, so that the Germans had much the same opportunity of unopposed bombing as at Rotterdam four years ago. They did not, curiously enough, attack the Phillips radio factory, but went mostly for the centre of the town, causing a number of fires, killing a considerable number of civilians and seriously wounding 150 others. The death-roll was later estimated to be about 120

HOW THE LUFTWAFFE "PUNISHES" A TOWN AFTER ITS LIBERATION BY THE ALLIES : Whilst the citizens are celebrating their regained freedom, the Nazi bombers come over and pound it in a vindictive desire to burn and destroy the city which dares to rejoice *(See notes at left)*—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

AT NIJMEGEN FIERCE AIR BATTLES HAVE DEVELOPED AS THE NAZIS HAVE MADE REPEATED ATTEMPTS TO DESTROY THE BRIDGE OVER THE WAAL RIVER. Many of the enemy aircraft have, however, been shot down by our defending fighters—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Apparently too late, the Germans realised that the Nijmegen Bridge over the Waal had not been destroyed. They then began to use everything they could think of to demolish the structure: they sent divers to blow up the foundations; they launched flying bombs and glider bombs at it. and then staged air raids in the good old dive-bombing style. But a bridge is very difficult to destroy with bombs even when it is actually hit; and there has been no lack of Allied aircraft to take on the *Luftwaffe* and to shoot down numbers of the bombers. This picture shows the scene during one of the all-out air assaults by the Germans to smash the bridge. At the moment of writing it still stands!

THE FIRE-POWER OF THE NEW SUPER-FORTRESS DETAILED IN COMPLETENESS FOR THE FIRST TIME: There are five gun-turrets above and below the aircraft which guard it from attack from any quarter and which make it formidable in defence

In this picture, A shows the upper forward turret; B, the lower forward turret; C, the upper rear turret; D, the lower rear turret; and E, the tail turret. Each turret has two ·50-calibre machine-guns; in addition to these, the tail turret has a 20-mm. cannon. The entire fire-control system is electrical and makes possible the instantaneous concentration of fire-power on any target approaching the Super-Fortress from any direction. These aircraft have been used recently for the bombing of Japan

THE FLYING BOMB

—The Secrets of Its Construction Revealed

How It is Built Up and How Its Flight is Controlled

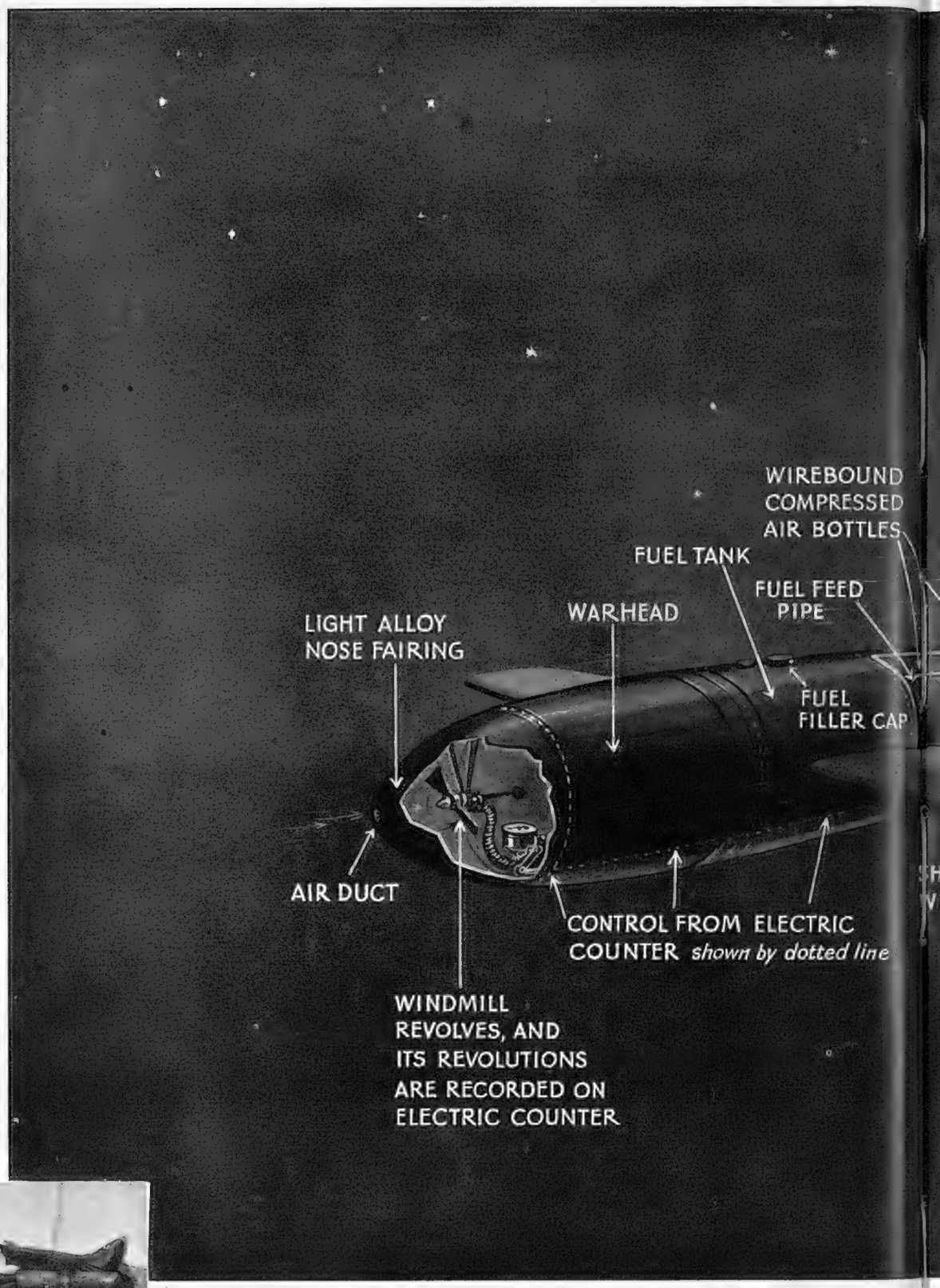
The flying bomb was designed to dive to destruction with the engine running at full throttle, according to an expert who has had opportunities of examining these German weapons. The interruption of the engine note just before the dive, which gave such effective warning of imminent danger, was never intended by the designer. This feature, which must have saved innumerable lives by enabling people to take shelter at the last minute, was, in fact, completely accidental. It is due to a fault in design which was undetected, probably because the enemy had insufficient time for full development of this secret weapon.

There is only one complete flying bomb in this country. It crashed in Southern England a short time ago without exploding.

Contrary to popular belief, the distance travelled by the flying bomb is not controlled by the amount of fuel carried, nor does it start to dive when the engine stops because of a shortage of fuel. There is a "windmill" in the flying-bomb's nose with two 6-in. blades. This revolves under the pressure of the air through which it is driven. The number of revolutions it makes are recorded on an electric counter. When a certain figure is reached, to which the counter has previously been set, the elevator control is automatically locked in a position which sends the bomb into a steep dive.

Three per cent. of the flying bombs were fitted with a minute transmitter and trailing aerial. The continuous transmission sent out from the bomb during flight could be picked up by enemy wireless stations, and its position plotted by radio-direction finding.

The complete bomb, full of fuel and ready for launching, weighs 4,700 lb., or slightly over two tons. The war-head contains nearly 2,000 lb. of high-explosive, and the fuel tank holds 150 gallons. A 600-horse-power engine gives a flying speed of 350-360 m.p.h. The bomb's course is set before launching on an automatic pilot controlled chiefly by a gyroscope. The flying height is also set beforehand on an aneroid barometer connected to the automatic pilot. Operating heights of over 10,000 ft. are possible, but few bombs were met over 5,000 ft., and the majority flew at about 2,000 ft.

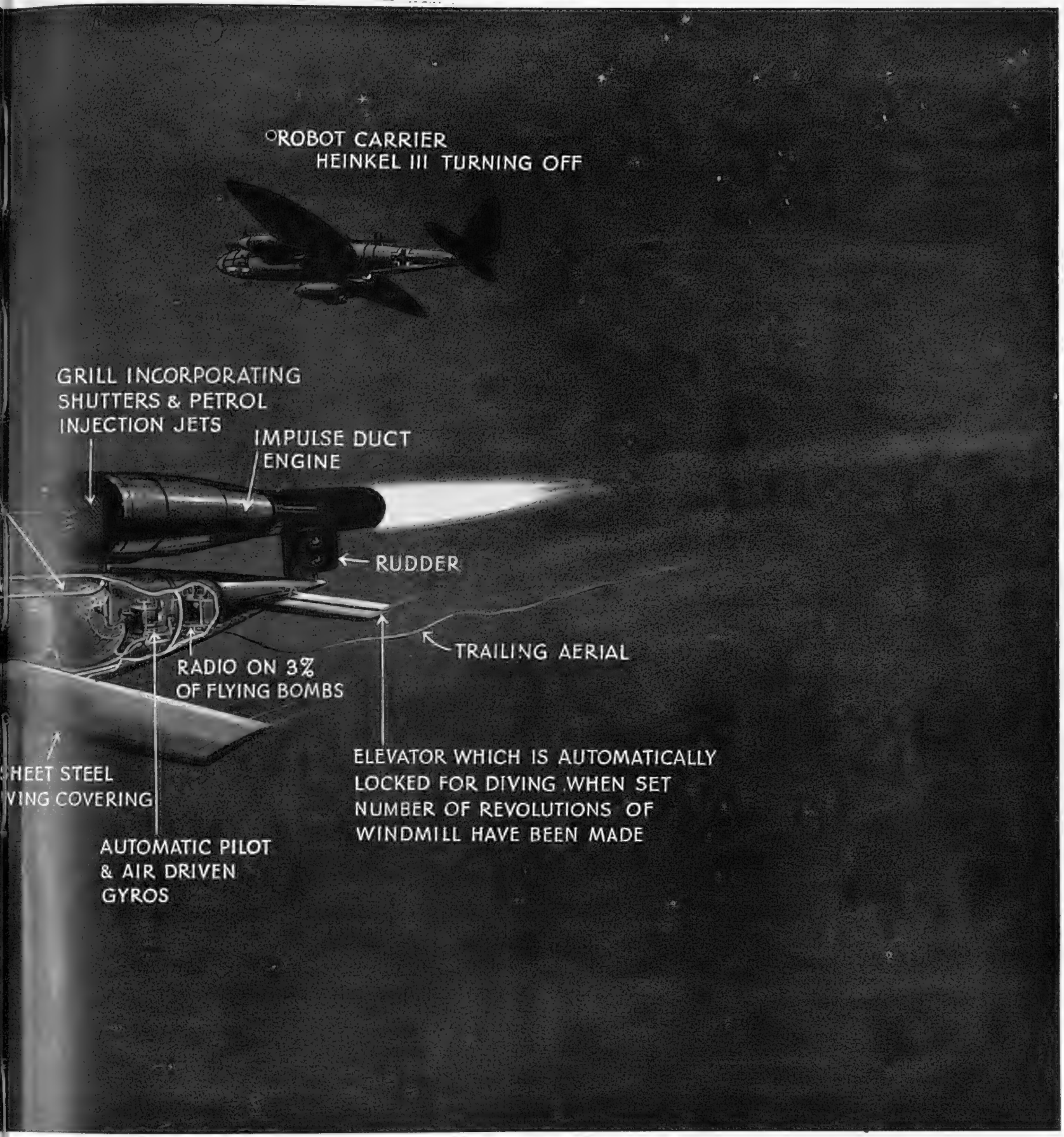


THE INSTRUMENTS WHICH CONTROL THE FLIGHT OF THE FLYING BOMB AFTER ITS LAUNCHING FR and is thus responsible for the spot at wh

In the notes which Mr. Davies has written to accompany the special drawing above, he writes: "It has now been revealed that the distance travelled by a flying bomb is predetermined by the setting of a dial on the robot. A 'windmill'—a fan with two 6-in. blades, situated in the flying-bomb's nose—is driven round and round by the rush of air, and its revolutions are recorded in an electric counter. When the number of these revolutions reaches the number set on the dial, the elevator is set for diving and the bomb plunges to earth. It was intended by the Germans that its motor should still continue to run: that it generally stops is because the fuel remaining in the tank, being thrown upwards by the plunge of the bomb, causes a temporary fuel starvation to the motor, and this is the cause of its stoppage. Many

On left—**A GIRL MECHANIC WORKING ON THE AUTOMATIC PILOT.** This device consists of three air-driven gyros. The round ball at the side is one of the wire-bound, compressed-air bottles which are situated immediately in front of the automatic pilot

On right—**AFTER A TYPHOON ATTACK—a trainload of flying bombs in Belgium blown up.** A load of 120 bombs intended for London was attacked and destroyed by R.A.F. rocket-firing Typhoons on September 1 at Schulen, near the Albert Canal. All the German personnel on the train were killed. These two pictures show how the wrecked train was discovered after our entry into Belgium



FROM THE PARENT AIRCRAFT. In the nose is the "windmill" which controls the duration of the flight h the bomb is to fall—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

lives have been saved by this unpredicted happening. The 'gliding' bomb is caused by the motor cutting out through some fault or damage before sufficient revolutions of the 'windmill' have been made. The robot is still set for flying on a straight line, and it may go on for miles before reaching the stage when the elevator will be set for diving, or before it touches the ground through its gradually diminishing speed. The writer has heard flying bombs which have been launched from aircraft cut out overhead and yet heard no explosions, even on a quiet night, suggesting that they have glided on for at least 20 miles. The carrier-launched flying bombs come in at varying heights. The writer has seen one at 'bomber height,' and has heard others pass over above the clouds. On one occasion a flying bomb passed so low that people claimed to have smelt the exhaust.

"The Heinkel 111 was probably chosen for launching the robots on account of its clean, unbroken fuselage top. There is no 'dip down' in front of the pilot and no raised cabin-cover, as in the Dornier and Junkers. The big wing area of the Heinkel is also an asset: but the aircraft is not fast. Delivering flying bombs in bad weather can be no picnic, apart from what happens when a Mosquito appears."

On right—**THE GRILL WHICH INCORPORATES THE PETROL-INJECTION JETS.** It is by this means that the jet-propulsion unit of the flying bomb is operated

THE ALLIED CONVOYS NOW SAIL UP AND DOWN CHANNEL IN WATERS CLEARED OF THE ENEMY'S E-BOATS AND OTHER WARSHIPS: They can even hug the French coast, if it suits them, without fear of interference from guns or aircraft—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Now that the French Channel ports are in Allied hands, British vessels can sail up and down Channel without coming under fire from German batteries on shore: with the *Luftwaffe* beaten out of the skies, or otherwise engaged in dwindling numbers elsewhere, the danger of bombing is also largely past. The sole remaining menace is a chance U-boat, which would be speedily dealt with by our escort vessels, however. The drawing reproduced above shows a British convoy proceeding down-Channel and almost impudently close to the French cliffs at Dieppe. To the left is a heavily-laden tanker. The escort vessel to the right is a "D" class Fairmile M.T.B., one of the type which has done such magnificent work in recent "little ship" actions Overhead fly the great air armadas bound for the enemy's lines in Belgium, Holland and Germany

THE SCENE ON THE INVASION BEACHES TO-DAY: Living in trenches built by the routed German defenders, these Liverpool gunners are now manning anti-aircraft guns against German planes attempting to hinder the disembarkation of Allied supplies on the Normandy beaches. Otherwise, the tide of war has now passed far inland from this spot

The FREEING of the CHANNEL

The Role of the "Little Ships" in Sweeping the Narrow Waters Clear of the Enemy Craft

—Special Sphere Drawings

***On right below*—AN INCIDENT DURING THE CAPTURE OF CAP GRIS-NEZ: A pipe-smoking Highland Colonel directs operations against the Germans' big coastal guns**—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

The attack on Gris-Nez was made at great speed—so great that all four German big guns were captured intact. During the course of the operations the Canadians were held up for a time by a series of strong-points. The Colonel commanding a Highland regiment drove down to the contested position. With a beret on his head and a pipe in his mouth, he stood upright in his tank pointing out the targets to be engaged. Very shortly afterwards the German commander and 1,700 of his men were in Allied hands, and Cap Gris-Nez was no longer a menace to our Channel convoys

THIS BEACH WAS IN THE HEADLINES ON D-DAY. To-day, and for many days past, all is quiet at this spot, with just a few wrecked landing craft as mementoes of the terrific Battle of the Beachheads. Not only this beach, but the whole coastline, from Dunkirk round to Brest and beyond, has now been freed of the Germans and their menacing coastal batteries

AN ACTION IN THE NORTH SEA, WHEN A GERMAN TWO-COLUMN CONVOY WAS ATTACKED BY THE "LITTLE SHIPS" OF THE ROYAL NAVY: A British M.T.B., out of control and tearing round in circles, rams one of the German vessels—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

A two-column convoy of German supply ships, heavily screened by a destroyer, armed trawlers, escort vessels and an E-boat, was steaming off the coast of Holland when the Navy's "little ships" went in to attack. As the range closed, torpedoes went streaking into the heart of the convoy. The "little ships" then went in with their guns. An enemy trawler, repeatedly hit, burst into flames, but one of our torpedo-boats was hit too. Her steering-gear jammed, and she went tearing round in a circle out of control. But if her helm would not answer, her guns could, and as she raced past the convoy her gunners opened up and got several hits on one of the enemy ships. The M.T.B. continued to circle until she rammed one of the German coasters, which escaped in the darkness. This new damage to the torpedo-boat, however, was too great, and she sank

THIS IS HOW THE CHANNEL CONVOYS HAD TO RUN THE GAUNTLET OF THE ENEMY'S COASTAL BATTERIES before the freeing of the French ports. The convoy is steaming within range of the big guns in the Pas de Calais: the "little ships" of the Navy, acting as escorts, are laying down a smoke-screen for their protection. To-day that is a thing of the past: with the clearance of the Germans, British vessels can now sail as close as they like to the French shore-line

MR. CHURCHILL and MR. EDEN in MOSCOW

And Other Pictures from Russia and Poland

THE PRIME MINISTER ABOUT TO STEP FROM HIS PLANE on arrival in Moscow on October 9 for his discussions with Marshal Stalin—a picture received by radio

THE GROUP AT THE AIRFIELD AFTER MR. CHURCHILL'S ARRIVAL: From left to right are seen: Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff; Mr. Churchill; Mr. Anthony Eden (behind); M. Maisky, Assistant Foreign Commissar (in uniform); and M. Molotov, Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs. The picture was taken on the aerodrome at Moscow within a few minutes of the arrival of the British party

WHEN WARSAW CAPITULATED: Polish delegates being blindfolded by German soldiers before being passed through the enemy lines in the city to negotiate the surrender

GENERAL BOR A PRISONER: The C.-in-C. of the Polish Home Army (who was recently appointed to succeed General Sosnkowski) is now in German hands. He is here seen in civilian clothes being driven from the German H.Q. at Warsaw after the surrender of his patriot forces

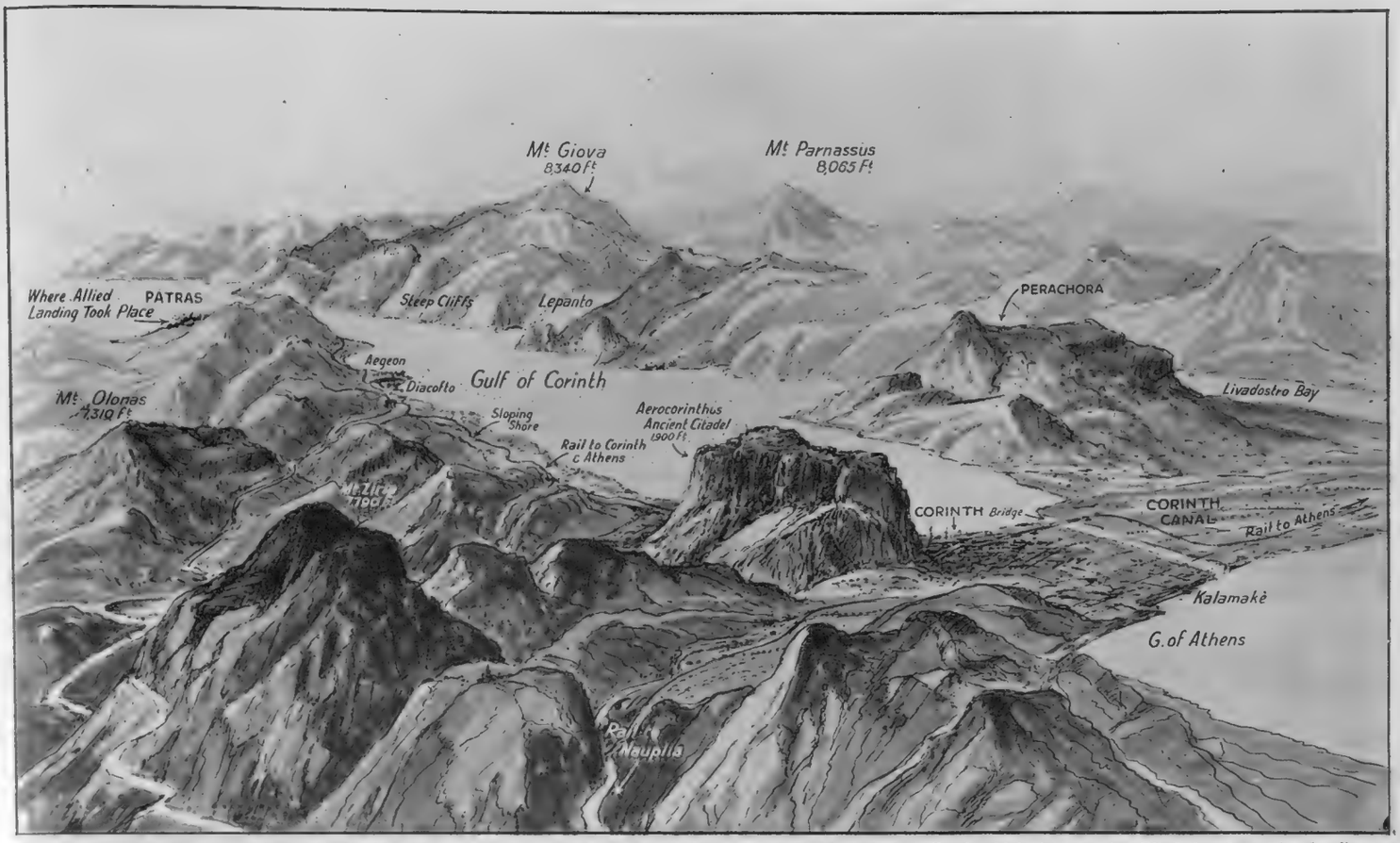
POLISH PRISONERS AT WARSAW, some of them wounded, being marched in captivity through the shattered streets they had tried for weeks to liberate from the Germans

RUSSIAN ARMOUR IN RUMANIA: A heavy Soviet tank following a detachment of Red Army men on the way to the front line in Rumania after the capitulation of the latter country

RUSSIAN COSSACKS IN RUMANIA: A Unit of the Guards on the march through the wooded valleys where cavalry can still operate. Rumanians and Russians are now fighting in conjunction against the Germans

THE FINNISH ARMISTICE DELEGATION waiting at the Russian border for officers of the Red Army to escort them to Moscow to negotiate peace terms. This picture has just come from Stockholm

HAVING PASSED THE DEMARCATION LINE between Finland and Russia, the Finns proceed on their journey into Russia to end the Finnish war



WHERE THE LANDING WAS MADE AT PATRAS. The mountainous country overlooking the Gulf of Corinth, all of which is now in Allied hands. The landing at Patras was made on October 4 by British troops: four days later they had entered Corinth, 50 miles away, to the wild delight of the Greeks. There was thus no escape for any German troops who may still be in the Peloponnese, except by sea. It was three-and-a-half years ago that the Allies were forced to evacuate Greece: they have now returned to drive out the German troops of occupation and to liberate the country—*Drawing by Percy Home*

IN THE TOWN OF PATRAS AFTER THE BRITISH LANDING: The Mayor (bareheaded, on horseback) shakes hands with a fellow-partisan after his return with the forces of liberation. The streets are crowded with cheering citizens. The Mayor, Yasileo Roufes, returned to the port from a hiding-place in the hills, where he had remained hidden during the German occupation

After the landing at Patras, the British Forces pressed on to Corinth, which surrendered on October 8, four days later. The advance of about 50 miles had been made without opposition, but some of the bridges along the Gulf of Corinth road had been destroyed. About 250 members of a "Greek Security Battalion," who had collaborated with the Germans, surrendered to the British after having been besieged for ten days by guerillas of E.L.A.S., the left-wing partisan organisation. The enthusiasm displayed by the liberated Greeks was terrific, cheering crowds lining the roads all the way from Patras into Corinth. The three photographs reproduced here were taken during this march

THE COLUMN OF BRITISH TROOPS, MOVING ALONG THE ROAD FROM PATRAS INTO CORINTH. It is headed by partisan troops of E.L.A.S., the left-wing patriot organisation which has been fighting the Germans in Greece

THE ALLIES LAND IN GREECE

And Occupy the Towns of Patras and Corinth

After a landing of limited size in Albania, the Allied Command launched another attack, this time in Greece itself, in a district lying to the south of the first one.

Patras, where the Allied troops landed on October 4, lies at the head of the Gulf of Corinth, and is, or was, the chief commercial port and city of Greece. Nearly all exports and imports flowed through Patras, which used to present a busy sight with its crowded quaysides.

In front of the troops lay a high, mountainous country, with peaks rising to nearly 8,000 ft. in some cases. An area of more open country—the ancient Arcadia—lies to the south. The Allies then went on to capture Corinth, a modern town which lies about half a mile to the west of the mouth of the Canal, shown on the right-hand side of the above view.

When a capital was being chosen for modern Greece, Corinth was first thought of, but rejected in favour of Athens. A main road and railway lead southwards to Nauplia, the port which figured in the evacuation of British Forces from Greece three-and-a-half years ago

NATIONAL FLAGS AND PATRIOTIC SLOGANS CAN BE SEEN ON ALL SIDES as British jeeps drive through the cheering crowds in the small town of Zilokraston, on the road between Patras and Corinth

THE EIGHTH ARMY'S STRENUOUS TASK OVER THE SWOLLEN RIVERS ON THE ADRIATIC COAST AFTER THE CAPTURE OF RIMINI: The routes followed across the Marecchia, Uso and Fiumicino Rivers towards Bologna, key city of the Lombardy Plain. The approaches have been made over the inland hills as well as along the shores of the Adriatic—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

FIGHTING UP ITALY

The Eighth Army Push On to Bologna and the Lombardy Plain

—But are Hampered by the Bad September Rainfalls and Swollen Rivers

Even after the taking of Rimini and the breaking of the main Gothic Line defences, the armies fighting in Italy have not had an easy time. The Germans have given way but slowly, fighting stubbornly in every mountain village in the centre, and holding all the rivers which flow into the Adriatic.

The Eighth Army pushed on from Rimini to the Uso River (the famous Rubicon associated with Julius Cæsar), which they crossed against serious opposition, the river being swollen and running swiftly after the heavy rains of late September. British county regiments which made up the greater part of the Eighth Army had had tough fighting ever since they had been transferred to the eastern end of the Allied line to take part in the assault on the Gothic Line.

Kesselring had rushed five divisions to reinforce the defence against the British in the mountain area between Pesaro and Rimini. A good road ran along the coast to Ravenna, cut by many rivers, giving good defence ground for the enemy who were holding on grimly to the main road, running westward through Forli, Facuza and Imola to Bologna.

The little River Fiumicino, a few miles north of the Rubicon, became a serious obstacle, owing to the unseasonable September weather. Usually fordable, it had become a fierce torrent of racing yellow water, making the passage of troops and supplies impossible. Some bridgeheads were made by troops wading through the water up to their chins, but for some days the army was held up, as all the fords were under German shell-fire. The banks were very steep, 15 ft. to 20 ft. high, too much even for the bulldozers to overcome. The improvement in the weather which took place about October 6 caused the river to subside, and more crossings were made.

In the mountainous centre, the Fifth Army has been steadily pushing on, forcing the enemy back on the main Florence to Bologna road. Reinforcements had stiffened the enemy resistance on this vital area, so that progress was not rapid, all heights and villages having to be taken by storm. Heavy rain had reduced the road to thick, clogging mud, through which the Americans slogged doggedly, while torrents of water gushed down the steep rock walls. Each day brought them a few miles nearer to Bologna, making the salient in the centre a threat to German troops on the east.

Other Allied columns, meanwhile, were pushing up the roads in the mountain area lying between the main Bologna road from Florence, and the coastal area on the east. Stiff fighting had taken place on the Imola road, round Monte Battaglia, near Castel del Rio, which commanded the road. The Germans made many fierce counter-attacks for several days, but the Americans held on, till the enemy had to give up the struggle.

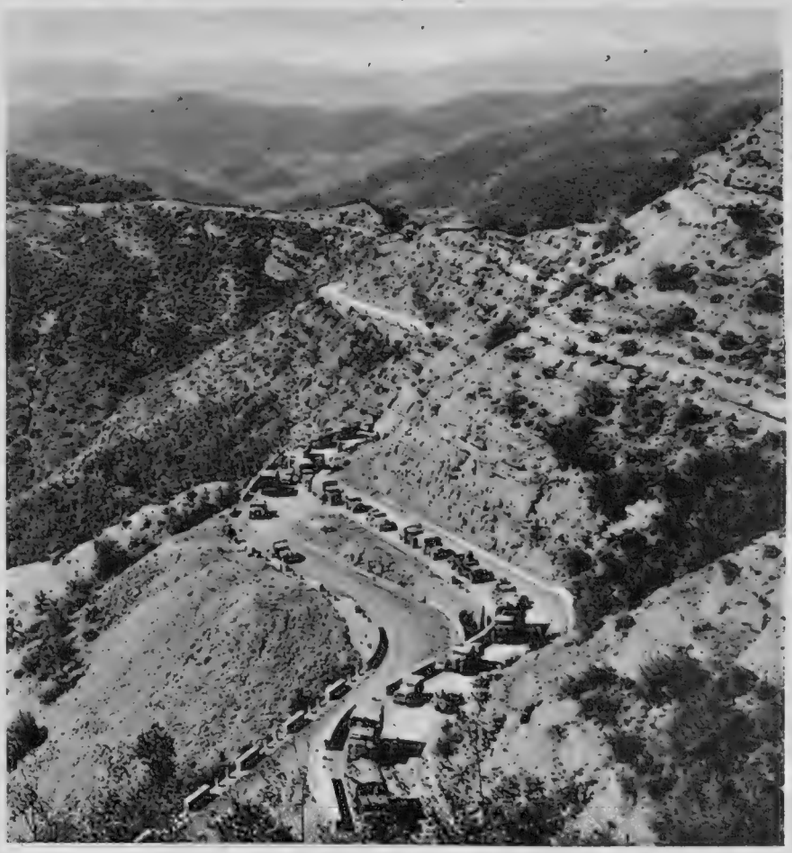
AMONGST THE HILLS TO THE SOUTH-WEST OF SAVIGNANO: a Sherman tank of a Canadian Armoured Regiment passing a wrecked railway bridge as it followed up in support of the British Infantry. Whilst there was "no change" in the position of the Eighth Army along the swollen River Fiumicino on the coast, progress was made amongst the firmer ground in the hilly district inland. As usual, the demolitions carried out by the Germans were very complete and thorough

HOW THE GOTHIC LINE WAS BREACHED BY BRITISH TROOPS OF THE EIGHTH ARMY: a convoy on the Fabriano Pass through the mountains. The breaching of the Gothic Line on August 26 came after four weeks of bitter fighting and resulted in the successful crossing of the Apennines to the Plains of Lombardy. This great feat was largely achieved by a sudden switch of front from the Cassian Way to the Adriatic coast. Launching the swift and secret advance on a line totally unexpected by the Germans, General Leese flung his troops across the Metauro River to pierce the Line. The success of the manœuvre depended largely on speed to maintain the initial assault. British sappers built sixty-three Bailey bridges in five days to overcome the obstacles of German demolitions. Air security was sacrificed to speed, and the tortuous mountain roads were used for twenty-four hours out of twenty-four

THE NEXT TOWN AFTER RIMINI ON THE ROAD TO BOLOGNA: Clouds of smoke and dust from German shells rise above the town of Santarcangelo after its capture by the Eighth Army. This was the birthplace of Pope Clement XIV in 1705

RAINSTORMS FLOOD THE MARECCHIA RIVER AFTER THE BRITISH CROSSING: On September 23, in the Adriatic sector, British and Indian troops crossed the river north of Rimini on a wide front. Four days later, a heavy gale swept the area, flooding the river and turning the countryside into a quagmire. Above is seen a bulldozer which was sent out on salvage work, but which became hopelessly bogged in the thick mud

GENERAL ALEXANDER VISITS THE REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO: The Commander-in-Chief, accompanied by Major-General Lemnitzer (Chief of Staff, Allied Armies in Italy) and Major-General Cannon (Commander of the Tactical Air Force), visited the Republic of San Marino on September 27. The party was received by the two Captain-Regents at the Palazzo del Governo, and then proceeded to the Cathedral and the adjacent St. Peter's Church: they then walked up the slope to the first of the three castles of San Marino and viewed the surrounding countryside. In this picture, General Alexander is talking to Group Captain Benson, of A.M.G.



THE EIGHTH ARMY MOVING UP THROUGH THE MURAGLIONE PASS: The winding mountain road is crammed with traffic all moving forward. This pass lies in the centre of the Allied line across Italy, between the towns of San Godenzo and San Benedetto: it provided hard going for our transport, as stretches of the road running alongside the mountains had been demolished by the enemy. British engineers had a tough job to repair it

The GRAVITY of BRITAIN'S COAL SITUATION

Notwithstanding an Annual Increase of £25,000,000 in the Miners' Wages Bill, the Coal Output has Decreased by 12,000,000 Tons

The Position Discussed by CHARLES GRAVES

IT is no pleasure being a Jeremiah or saying "I told you so." Readers of THE SPHERE, however, may recall the three articles I wrote about the coal situation at the beginning of this year, in the course of which I made gloomy prophecies. Since then, the Porter Award has been made. Other increases in pay to the miners have been granted, with the result that there has been an increase of £25,000,000 a year in the Miners' Wages Bill, while the output of coal has decreased by over 12,000,000 tons.

One of the most significant facts is that in 1942 Will Lawther, the President of the Mineworkers' Federation, announced at the Annual Conference in Blackpool that the increase in wages that had just taken place "nullified all the discrepancies and anomalies existing previously. . . . We have to give the nation the coal it needs. . . . We pledged our word. . . . If we fail, it will be a long day before the nation again listens in patience to any of our proposals."

Now he has written a preface to *Britain's Coal*, published the other day, in which he says: "The point has been reached where I frankly declare that the miners are in a mood of sullen resentment and anger in relation to their industry—a mood so deep that no matter what proposals are made in regard to wages and working conditions, their confidence in industry will never be restored until it is taken over by the State."

This remark was echoed by Arthur Horner, the President of the South Wales Miners' Federation, in the *Daily Worker* last week, when he wrote: "Until the mines are nationalised, there is no power on earth that can win the full confidence of the miners in their own industry."

The bitter truth is that the more the miners get, the less work they do. Major Lloyd George, the Minister of Fuel, had to admit last month in the House of Commons that avoidable absenteeism had increased heavily. It has since been disclosed that absenteeism has increased another 25 per cent. This absenteeism is almost entirely among the younger age groups, which nullifies Will Lawther's other statement that it is due to the increasing age of the miners. Meantime, the public has a right to know why it is going to be cold this winter—cold accentuated in Southern England by the damage of the flying bombs. Mind you, the miners themselves are not going to be cold. Each coal-miner who is a householder (with the exception of those in Warwickshire and South Staffordshire) gets his coal either free or at 4s. 9d. a ton; coal which costs 72s. a ton in London. What is more, he gets roughly a ton a month.

Major Lloyd George had previously published the weekly average of coal output every month. After the wages agreement was signed he announced that this would not be done in future. The reason was not far to seek: he knew that it would drop. At the present minute the output of coal is going down at the rate of another 150,000 tons a week, which is 7,800,000 tons a year, and it must be remembered that all these drops are cumulative. In 1939, the output per man shift was 22·6 cwt. It is now under a ton—a foretaste of what things would be under nationalisation if the miners can force the public into this step. To-day, the miners are a privileged class and are exploiting the sympathy of the public.

I am prepared to bet that, if anyone knowing nothing about the history of the coal industry laid out general principles for the remuneration of the labour employed in it, he would probably devise something on the following lines:

(1) A division of the revenue of industry (after meeting necessary expenses) between capital and labour in specified proportions.

(2) The protection of labour in bad times or exceptional circumstances, by the institution of a minimum wage.

(3) A direct relation between output and earnings for those men who actually dig the coal.

(4) Some variation between district and district to meet differences in the cost of living, and to provide for local customs, conditions and mode of life.

I would also be prepared to bet that he would regard this as a purely Utopian idea. And yet this is exactly what has been evolving and now operates, with a whole string of wartime additions.

The miners' real slogan ought to be "The mines for the miners." They are doing everything in their power to force the Government into nationalisation of the mines.

Just as Belgium has for centuries been the cockpit of Europe, so the coal industry has been the cockpit of English politics. Colliery managers say that the output of coal in this country would be adequate for all needs if it were not for the decisions of the Essential Works Order, which costs us much discipline and absenteeism. And absenteeism in a modern mechanised coal-mine is much more serious than it could ever have been in the old days of manual extraction. Men who are experts in machine-cutting, for example, cannot easily be replaced if they choose to take a day off; which applies to other types of key men employed underground.

When I was down a coal-mine in South Wales at the beginning of this year, I was given a number of instances of deliberate idleness amounting almost to sabotage. Complaints of this sort cry out for disciplinary action. But it has no real effect even when action is taken, for the National Service Officer and local Appeal Board override the decision of the manager and claim the authority of the Essential Works Order to do so.

After the Porter Award, Will Lawther expressed the opinion that there would be a higher output within a month; instead of that, there was a deliberate drop. What does all the agitation about nationalisation of mines mean? It cannot be to increase the output of coal, nor prevent strikes and stoppages; nor to increase the efficiency in the mines; nor to reduce working costs, and certainly not to reduce the price of coal. The chief purpose seems to be that the mines should be controlled by the miners' leaders or the Mineworkers' Federation, because the leaders imagine that in return for the votes they enjoy, and on which their own power entirely depends, they can achieve a position where there will be no hindrance by the State in securing all the concessions they demand and thus ensure the perpetuation of their own position.

As Lloyd George said twenty years ago when a similar agitation was afoot: "What the miners want is a blank cheque to be met by the taxpayer, and that if there is a loss this is to be met by Parliament."

Do not forget what happened just after the last war when the Government had adopted full financial responsibility for the mines. The output per man shift fell from what it is now to less than 14½ cwt., which meant a drop of 60,000,000 tons, and the price of coal rose to three times its pre-war level. Exactly the same sort of thing can be expected after this war, with the corollary that we will never regain our coal exports trade. Even the present output of coal makes it practically impossible for us to have any surplus, the export of which would enable us to pay for our imports from other countries. There is, in fact, only just enough coal for this country's needs alone. It is a pity that the trade unionists and other industries do not realise that their future is being directly imperilled by the continuous rises in the cost of coal. Coal and its derivatives are basically needed for all mass production, and if its cost reaches an uneconomic height, this country will go bankrupt.

It is rumoured that Mr. Robert Foot, formerly of the B.B.C., and now the head of the Miners' Association of Great Britain (representing the Colliery Managements), has some appeasement scheme to restore the situation, but we know from bitter experience at Munich what appeasement means. Yes, in spite of the raising of the ban on central heating, every member of the population, with the exception of the coal-miners, will be cold this winter.

And considering that the coal-getters—if only because they work underground in safe areas—have not, as a class, suffered in the slightest degree from the blitzes or the flying bombs, it seems hard that their home life alone should not be affected by their strikes and stoppages, their absenteeism and deliberate obstructive idleness, amounting to sabotage.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

WHEN THE GERMANS WERE IN PARIS—AND TWO PICTURES FROM THE MAGINOT

THIS IS HOW THE FAMOUS PLACE DE L'OPERA IN PARIS LOOKED DURING THE GERMAN OCCUPATION. There were signs by the score, each indicating some office, or organisation, or headquarters, run by the enemy in occupation. The only cars to be seen in the streets were German. Since the liberation of Paris the signs have all been pulled down

AMERICAN TROOPS ARE NOW EXPLORING THE SECRETS OF THE MAGINOT LINE: In the picture on the left, the American infantrymen are being shown by a French warrant officer over the control-room, which operated electrically the 75-mm. guns in one of the forts where, in 1940, two guns kept the Germans at bay for a considerable time. They were the only two guns in the fort which could fire in any direction. In the right-hand picture can be seen the ordinary French 75-mm. gun emplacements of the Maginot Line, which proved of little value that same year, their field of fire being so confined that they were easily outflanked by the Germans

NIGHT LIFE — AND GEORGES CARPENTIER — RETURN TO PARIS: The Lido Club during the "Grand Reopening Night." Despite all reports to the contrary (the most recent was of his arrest in Bordeaux), Georges Carpentier is now in Paris. Furthermore, he is back at his old post! After four years, the Lido Club, largest night-club in the capital, has reopened its doors, and Carpentier is there in his old role of manager. There is a revue, *Et Voila Paris*, with ten star performers, sixty dainty dancers and many beautiful chorus-girls. The Lido is the first club to reopen, and "all Paris" stayed out to celebrate. In this picture, Carpentier is seen second from the right: on the extreme left is his daughter, Jacqueline, a member of the French A.T.S.

NEWS FROM PARIS AND FRANCE

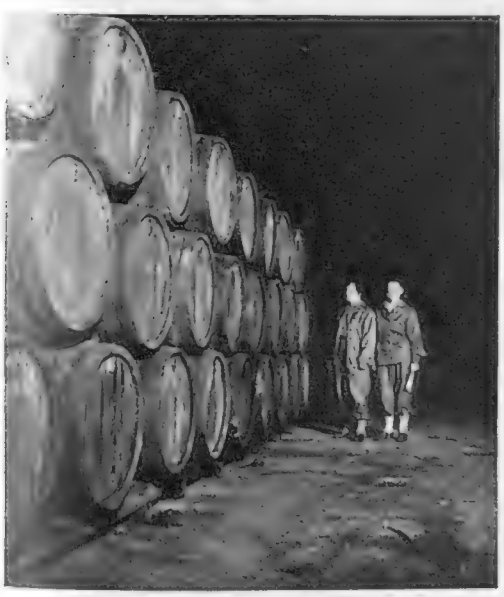
And the Reappearance of Some Pre-War Celebrities

MISTINGUETTE REAPPEARS ON THE PARIS SCENE: The French actress, whose legs were the most publicised in the world before the war, is now seventy years of age. She has been located in the capital and recently posed for this picture—quite in her old style!

AND MAURICE CHEVALIER, TOO! He has just returned to Paris from Southern France. At the age of fifty-six he is now hoping to return to the stage and to sing to the Forces. Here he is running through his repertoire in his Paris apartment.

TWO PARIS LIBERATION FASHIONS, seen at the Auteuil Race-course, where the first meeting—"like a peacetime Ascot"—took place recently. The man on the left is a Montmartre artist: the woman is wearing the Liberation version of a poke-bonnet in jerseyette

THE PARIS COSTUMIERS ARE MAKING A BID TO BECOME THE ARBITERS OF FASHION ONCE AGAIN: This is an evening gown designed by Paquin: it consists of yellow tulle embroidered with gold spangles—and has obviously been carried out regardless of coupons!



A GOOD SIGHT FOR WINE-LOVERS: These two pictures come from the town of Champigny. Hundreds of bottles of champagne are seen stored on the right, and huge tuns of wine on the left. These stocks were in no way damaged by the Germans before they left, probably owing to the unexpected rapidity of the American advance in this district

TWO WEDDING DRESSES OF WHITE LACE, with lavish frills of the same material and tulle veils. Even jasmine flowers are present! Or so Paquin wishes his prospective customers to believe

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

THE UNSPEAKABLE SCOT.—More than once in the past twenty years I have commented on the bitter reactions by scores of Englishmen (as evidenced by my correspondence from readers of THE SPHERE) to any friendly reference to, or praise of, Scotland and the Scot. Some of these critics are quite obviously urgent cases for the alienist. A few have probably left it too late. The most brilliant specialist could not now restore any glimmer of sanity to their bee-infested bonnets. Their own particular King Charles' head is crowned and throned and can never be eliminated. The arguments of other haters of the Scot suggest that it may not be too late to regain some sort of balance and restraint. It is the letters of these last-named semi-lunatics which induce me to seek the root of the trouble and to probe to the source of this Scot complex found in many different types of Englishmen.

In war one would suppose that all the hatred of which a man is capable is required for his enemies, and that none could be left over for his closest allies and nearest relations. It is not so. Love, boundless as the sea and as deep, is a rarity. Hatred limitless in extent is much more common. I have the names and addresses of a dozen Englishmen in different walks of life who, after satisfying the demands of our Propaganda Chiefs to hate their enemies, have plenty to spare for hatred no less intense of Scotland and the Scot, in general and in particular. Almost all of them, the totally and the partially insane, base their fury against any praise of Scotland on the ground that it implies treachery or disloyalty to England. But that argument deceives no one, not even themselves. It is clear as crystal that jealousy is at the root of their hatred.

The Underdog Complex.—Hatred no doubt is a vice of mean minds. True greatness overcomes hatred and forgoes even revenge. But true greatness is rare and most men know how to hate, and practise hatred. Petty and mean minds do not always fail in worldly success. Among the eminent or outstanding men of the day (as judged by the base criterion of uneducated opinion) are many such pygmies.

The bulk of the blind hatred of all things Scottish is to be found among mean-minded Englishmen who have failed even to keep their heads level with the ruck, let alone to rise above it. The average Scot is frank about his "unspeakable" attributes. Only the other day these were candidly listed in a "leader" in the *Scotsman*. The writer (in a more or less genuine and generous defence of the Englishman against a recent American criticism of the English character) admitted that the average Scot was a great talker and that among his favourite topics were the beauty and charm of his country, the efficiency of some of its institutions (he would not, perhaps, include housing), and the successful careers all over the Empire and world of some of his compatriots. It may be so. I do not find these qualities wholly unamiable. They may be in the armoury of the bore, but not of the boor. The question remains: was it due to this loquacity of the Scot that the damning legend grew that the Scot was everywhere "taking the bread out of the mouth of the deserving Englishman"? For that legend—based on fact or fancy—is the Scotophobe's idée fixe, and the root cause of his loathing of all things Scotch. The legend had no existence in the eighteenth century, when half of Scotland was terra incognita. Few Scots in that century cut much ice in England. Argyll, Forbes, perhaps. I should say that Bute was probably the first Scot in English politics to be universally hated.

It was not much heard of when Victoria ascended the throne. It was not established in the 'fifties; it was not an indestructible legend until our own day. It derived its greatest force and confirmation from the accident of a couple of (more or less) Scottish Prime Ministers and a few notable Scotsmen who made big fortunes in the pioneering days in Canada and in England and (no doubt) "out of" England. Was it the talkative, boastful Scot who himself wove this legend and this garment of jealousy and hate which he now wears in the eyes of those meaner Englishmen who have not succeeded in life and must find a cause for their own failure? It may be so. Yet the legend of the *taciturn* Scot had a long run and is not yet exploded. *Punch* still sometimes has recourse to it. But the Scot as a "buck-stick," *pace* my own Scotophobe correspondents, is certainly the modern tradition.

For example: "We Englishmen, so far from seeing Scotland through rose-coloured spectacles or getting sloppy about the Scotch, consider them a race of self-advertising buck-sticks who will always join together to do an Englishman down."

Again: "You could not find a better example (of Scottish 'aggression') than our B.B.C., on which ever since that fellow Reith was put in charge of it, the Scotch have had a stranglehold."

And again: "The result (of the Scottish smash-and-grab raids on England) has been that English culture and English interests have been grossly neglected, and now they have had the infernal cheek to eliminate the very words 'England' and 'English.'" It is not quite clear who "they" are in this particular indictment.

And finally: "So far as I and many patriotic Englishmen are concerned, you may *have* the Scotch." (The trouble, according to this critic, is, in fact, that the Scot *has* the Englishman.)

Conqueror or Captive?—In the course of history, the inhabitants of England have been often conquered, by Angles, Jutes, Saxons, Danes, Romans, Normans and (more recently) by Americans. The Scots once or twice attempted to do the same thing by force of arms, but failed of their purpose. Yet the idea is clearly held firmly by a minority to-day that they achieved their fell purpose by insidious and peaceful penetration and infiltration quite as effectively as they could have done it by victories of arms. Some of our military conquerors have since admitted that, despite their victories, England in the end conquered them, as Greece conquered Rome. (*Vide Pack of Puck's Hill.*) But just as most sane Englishmen would deny that Scotland has ever conquered England in any sense, so a majority of the Scots would certainly deny, if they accepted the charge against them, that their victory over England had been turned to defeat by, and absorption in, England and English culture and institutions. They are far too proud of their own country, culture and institutions. They would say: "You can *have* England—or what we 've left of it."

Myself, I take a more comfortable view. I have a profound admiration for England which I do not always conceal and a deep love and respect for Scotland. In England I hold that we Englishmen are the greatest race on the Earth's face and our country the fairest inheritance ever bequeathed to a race of men. And when I am in Scotland—which is only once in a way—I think that land worthy of its people and its people worthy of its enchanting heritage, and, being by profession a journalist in search of copy, I often express that opinion. But, then, to the best of my knowledge, I was never done out of a job, or robbed of a shilling, by any Scot.

On the contrary, I have got out of Scotland far, far more than Scotland has got out of me. This is my conclusion: When I catch myself saying or writing nasty criticism or bitter generalities about Scotland and the Scot, on that day I shall ruefully acknowledge that I have sunk to the position of underdog in my own country and shall write my career off as a total flop. But that day has not yet come, nor will come while memory holds the door.

I would not live the year round in any part of Scotland for choice. I would not live the year round anywhere known to me but in that smiling corner of West Sussex, overlooking Harting Beacon, where my house stands. The lot has fallen to me in a fair ground which I should be loath and ungrateful to change. But men need change of scene and occupation, and the fact sticks in my conscience that Scotland affords to me the largest part of the golden harvest of memory of such changes. Not Florence, not the Rhinelands, not Switzerland, Avignon, Paris, Normandy, Quebec, Montreal, Vancouver, Vermont, Holland, Belgium, but Scotland, the Highlands, the Border Country, Edinburgh, that city of enchantment, Nairn and Kingussie, those haunts of peace and beauty. . . .

Among these memories there are none that tell of bitter experiences of Scottish aggression or brutality or robbery or even sharp practices. On the contrary. For no thought of gain the Scots taught me to ride a bicycle (*ætat.* 11), to shoot, to fish, to use my eyes. Literary Scotsmen in plenty helped me to open my eyes and use my mind. Nay more: Barabbas was a publisher. My publisher is a Scotsman. Has he done me down? Poor fellow, the boot is on the other leg. I have in a long career of literary aggression consistently taken the lion's share of what profit our joint enterprises achieved. What need have I of further witness?

A ROYAL BRIDESMAID: Princess Alexandra, the daughter of the Duchess of Kent, pictured on the occasion when she acted as bridesmaid at the wedding of Miss Georgina Wernher, elder daughter of Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher, and Lieut.-Colonel H. P. Phillips, Coldstream Guards, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Tuesday of last week

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

JENNY JONES (Hippodrome).—If it were not that Mr. George Black is the last man I should ever suspect of whimsicality, I would feel tempted to suggest that he arranged for the worst show and the best show he has ever produced to open within twenty-four hours, just by way of an odd sort of fun. Let us consider the bad one first and get it over. *Jenny Jones* has a libretto founded on some stories of a Welsh village; these would hardly suit the Hippodrome. By way of spectacle we had a medieval cathedral scene and a ballet version of the old French legend of the monk who juggled before the statue of Our Lady. In this case he danced, as did a lot of his companions, and it was all done with elaborate efficiency. But I thought it quite out of place. Towards the end of the show we saw Nelson (not a bit like him) and lots more dancing, though not in a cathedral. On the credit side are lavish costumes, some pretty music, the sweet singing and personality of Miss Carole Lynn, and a strange Dickensian type of impersonation by Mr. Baliol Holloway, who must have felt that Shakespeare was a long way off.

Happy and Glorious (Palladium).—What a contrast! Here is the cheeriest show imaginable. No subtle humour—which would be lost, anyway, in the vast spaces of the Palladium—but hearty fun, brilliant spectacle, jazzy and swing music of almost every type, all of it so well played that it almost made even me like it; that electric personality Miss Zoë Gail, and consummate clowning by the Cairoli Brothers. Usually I find clowns tedious and even depressing. Not so the Cairolis, who make you squirm with laughter, and are good musicians, too.

Mr. Tommy Trinder is, however, labelled the comedian-in-chief, and it is only fair to say that he has a vast following and raises much laughter. I dislike his egotism, his verbosity and his impromptu remarks to members of the stalls. Yet in an impression of Mr. Frank Sinatra, in which even the microphone wilted with sextasy, he was very funny. None the less, my chief tributes go to exquisite little Miss Gail, to the Cairolis and to that accomplished and versatile musician, Mr. Debroy Somers.

No Medals (Vaudeville).—Miss Esther McCracken knows her special line—domestic comedy with a slightly suburban trait—and is wise to stick to it. I should not be surprised if this amusing little play ran as long as her *Quiet Week-end*. It is every bit as entertaining. The chief part is perfectly played by Miss Fay Compton, whose housewife is a good sort with a sense of humour. Uniforms are seen, of course—mostly naval, with Mr. Frederick Leister as a Captain, R.N., and Mr. Ronald Fortt as a Lieut.-Commander, R.N.V.R., whose reported death brings a touch of near-tragedy and gives his wife, Miss Valerie White, an opportunity for a finely emotional performance.

Happy Few (Cambridge).—No shop queues in this war-play; instead, fierce fighting, danger, privations, wounded men dripping with blood in an advanced position on the El Alamein front. There is humour as well as horror, as there always will be wherever the British soldier is found, and there is a touch of—is it the supernatural?—about a mysterious stretcher-bearer, played by Mr. Anthony Hawtrey. But there is really no play here at all, merely a succession of much too wordy episodes, and the whole thing moves slowly to the verge of tedium.

Scandal at Barchester (Lyric).—What can be said in favour of this adaptation from Anthony Trollope is that the costumes and the atmosphere of 1860 form a pleasant change from war subjects, on or off the stage. But I found few other merits, beyond the perfection of the acting, notably that of Mr. Felix Aylmer (a parson, of course), Miss Winifred Oughton and Miss Dorothy Hyson.

GERMAN TROOPS AND A CIVILIAN MEMBER OF THE GESTAPO at the blown-up main entrance to the Police Headquarters in Copenhagen, after a struggle which lasted for four hours. Before capitulating to the Nazis, the Danish police managed to burn all their records

GERMAN POLICE TROOPS AND A DANISH TRAITOR at the entrance to Police H.Q. They are examining the result of the explosion which forced the main gate open. The Nazis entered by this means and forced the capitulation of the Danish police

REVOLT IN DENMARK

What Happened in Copenhagen a Few Weeks Ago

—When the Germans Attempted to Force the Danes to Do Their Bidding

For some months now the Nazis have been experiencing trouble with the Danes, who have never taken kindly to the German occupation of their country. On September 19 last, matters came to a head when the Germans tried to storm the Amalianborg Castle in Copenhagen, the residence of King Christian. A fierce battle raged around this point when an attempt was made by a Nazi naval detachment to seize it. The guard of Danish police at the Palace numbered some 160 men; but they were assisted by Danish civilians to thwart the German plan.

These events followed the endeavour of the Nazis to uproot the Underground opposition in the country by declaring a "state of emergency" and by disbanding the Danish police force, numbering in all 15,000 men, whom the Nazis accused of assisting "murderers and saboteurs." The Germans have since threatened to hold King Christian as a hostage: as he is seventy-four years old and too ill to be moved to Germany, he and the Royal Family are being carefully watched in Copenhagen.

A GERMAN SOLDIER REACHING FOR HIS REVOLVER outside the Police Headquarters after the four-hour struggle between Danes and German soldiers. The lorries seen in the picture are waiting to transport the captured policemen to concentration camps in Germany for having dared to protect their King

DANISH POLICE, ASSISTED BY CIVILIANS, erecting barricades in the vicinity of the Royal Palace. Cobbles are being dug up: in the background an old lady is telling where material can be found for building more defences

BARRICADES ERECTED IN THE COPENHAGEN STREETS by the Danish police: cobbles are being dug up from the street to serve as defence works against the German soldiers of occupation

FOLLOWING ON THE GERMAN DECLARATION OF A "STATE OF EMERGENCY," Copenhagen was paralysed by a lightning general strike. Here are tram conductors going home in broad daylight, after having decided not to assist the Nazis by continuing to run the public services. The only traffic to be seen in the streets are bicycles ridden by civilians

CITIZENS OF COPENHAGEN READING THE GERMAN PROCLAMATION. The declaration of a "state of emergency" was an attempt by the Nazis to uproot the Danish Underground opposition to their plans

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

THE SAME OLD GERMANS . . . .

As Revealed in an American Diary about the 1919 Peace Conference, which has a most Vital Bearing on Events of To-day —And the Week's Crime Ration of Murder Mysteries

NOTHING could be more timely than the publication now of UNFINISHED BUSINESS (Michael Joseph. 18s.), by Stephen Bonsal. Colonel Bonsal was at the Peace Conference in Paris, in 1919, as a member of what was officially termed "The American Commission to Negotiate Peace." As Mr. Wilson Harris says in his introduction: "Neither President Wilson nor House was a very competent linguist. Bonsal was, and Bonsal's role was to sit close behind the two American delegates during the sessions of the League of Nations Commission, and whisper to them running translations of all the speeches made in French."

The better to be able to check on these things, Colonel Bonsal was in the habit of recording in diary form the more fundamental of these exchanges, as well as making notes of other conversations and meetings, for the President and for Colonel House. If House was Wilson's perpetual shadow, so Bonsal could be described by House himself as "my *alter ego.*"

The author has printed his diary as it was written, but with certain comments here and there, the most pregnant of which is in the last sentence. "Should what I have written ever pass out of my personal files into the public domain, it may serve as a footnote to history and prove of some slight assistance to those who will share responsibility when the next Assizes are called to save the world from the plight in which it flounders to-day."

It is reported that the current toast of the *Wehrmacht* to-day is "To the Next Time!" Mr. Anthony Eden has declared that it is the British Government's policy to see that there will be no "next time"; but, in the sway of political fortunes, it ought to be just as well to see that clear issues do not get confused between what is known as Vansittartism, on the one hand, and "the Germans are not so bad after all" school, on the other.

One has only to read the chapter "Berlin — After the Whirlwind" to realise that the German is the same old German, whether he be labelled Nazi or Junker, Social Demokrat or whatever you like. It is within the memory of all of us that the German nation as a whole (and not, as some people would like to think, a misled minority of it) believed implicitly that the German Army was not defeated in the last war, but was stabbed in the back by revolutionary forces, fostered by Allied propaganda. Going to Berlin in September 1919, Colonel Bonsal had access not only to Germany's leaders, but to the records of the German General Staff. He notes that on October 18, 1918, Prince Ruprecht wrote: "I do not think we can hold out beyond December, and disaster may occur at any moment. Ludendorff does not appreciate the gravity of the situation; it is absolutely necessary to secure peace before our adversaries have forced their way into Germany." "So much," the author notes at the time, "for the ever-victorious, the unconquered Army!"

In a later entry, he says: "In the War Office records which the Majority Socialists opened to me . . . the conclusion is inescapable: the imperial armies on the Western Front yielded because they were stopped, and then defeated in battle, and that the 'dagger strokes in the back' wielded by the starving civilian population, of which we hear so much to-day, were the inevitable consequences rather than the causes of the military collapse." It is important to remember that these were words written in 1919, after perusal of German official records; and it is perhaps wise to reflect upon the growth of the "defeat by Allied propaganda and Jewish capitalism" legend which grew up, was plugged by the Germans and became accepted by the world at large in the years between.

Among the more interesting vignettes of personalities in these pages are the author's notes on Clemenceau, made when the Old Tiger was lying on a sick bed, as a result of an attempt to assassinate him. Clemenceau's intransigence, plus Foch's implacable demands, had an unfortunate effect on British public opinion; and was a potent factor, in the light of history, in allowing the Germans to get away with it. In this connection there is one interesting entry: "Georges Mandel, regarded by some as Clemenceau's *fidus Achates* (by those who like him not as 'The Tiger's jackal'), came in after lunch with an urgent message from the wounded Premier." It is not for nothing that the Germans have seen to it that that great Frenchman, Georges Mandel, is a casualty of this war.

Here is a book both timely and important: so timely and important that it should be made compulsory reading for all those who will have to face the Germans at another peace conference. Nor should its lesson be lost upon the ordinary citizen, who, by the exercise of his franchise in the near future, may decide the fate of our grandchildren. The quintessence of frightfulness in victory; the nadir of unctuousness in defeat; are these Germans to be allowed to get away with it again?

THE WITCH WALKS AT SCRAPFAGGOT GREEN—a view of the village of Great Leighs, in Essex, which she is believed by the villagers to haunt. The villagers tell stories of how great stones are moved mysteriously, straw ricks are overturned on windless nights, sheep stray through unbroken hedges and the church-bells ring at odd hours. Two hundred years ago the witch was burned at the stake at the Scrapfaggot Green cross-roads. She was buried under the ashes and a great stone was placed over her. War came, and a bulldozer widened the lane to make room for military traffic—and pushed aside the stone. It is from that moment that the people of Great Leighs date the strange happenings in the village

THE PRETTIEST VILLAGE IN ENGLAND—Great Tew, in Oxfordshire: This typically English village is tucked away in a valley 5½ miles from Chipping Norton and 9 miles from Banbury. At one end stands the manor-house, one-time home of Lucius Cary, 2nd Viscount of Falkland, friend of Charles I, who was killed in the Battle of Newbury in 1643. Since those days the village has changed little. The cottages are of ironstone, with walls two-and-a-half feet thick, and thatched roofs. Stocks stand on the village green. Most of the people seem to have lived there all their lives and are still in the cottages where they were born and where their families have lived for generations. The lady of the manor is Miss Boulton, whose grandfather was a friend and partner of James Watt, of steam-engine fame

The crime ration is a very generous one this week, in quantity and quality. No less than four really good murder mysteries have come my way, ranging in scope from provincial France in the seventeenth century to the West Coast of Scotland in our own times. I'll begin with the one that has the oldest setting, THE FOURTH CHAMBER (Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.). This is one of Mr. George R. Preedy's excellent reconstructions of an old crime which, as usual, he contrives to make even more absorbing than the official evidence at a murder trial—generally the amateur criminologist's first choice in these matters. The crime is an unsolved murder, and a particularly messy one, in a small French château. This is first-rate stuff, carrying such a sense of growing disaster and horror that even the most avid connoisseur of this type of fiction will be satisfied.

From that, being an athletic type, I take a long leap to Mr. Peter Cheyney's new book, THE DARK STREET (Collins. 8s. 6d.), which is pretty good too; but shows to my mind a regrettable lack of Slim Callaghans and Lemmy Cautions. However, there is a new muscular young man of whom we may be seeing more. He is one O'Mara, and he's tall and fair and arrogant and all those things. He "would charm you . . . would converse with you, play cards with you, win your money off you, swear unfailing loyalty to you; and kill you; all with the same complete and dispassionate pleasure. . . ."

His activities are counter-espionage in London or Rio, or whatever spot in the world he is sent to by his British chief, and a very competent job he makes of it. Rather like Mr. Cheyney in *his* line, if you come to think of it.

TILL DEATH DO US PART (Hamish Hamilton. 8s. 6d.) has two admirable qualities: the invention of a really ingenious murder method and a natural, lucid and likeable style in which to expound it. For both of these Mr. John Dickson Carr gets full marks from me, and at least nine plus for allowing his familiar Dr. Fell to take second place to an agreeable writer of detective plays. It is still Dr. Fell who solves the mystery, but he does it discreetly and well away from the limelight, which is constantly focused on the tribulations of a writer who believes his own dearest love to be a poisoner of fiendish cleverness.

Up to the west and terribly wet coast of Scotland with Miss Gladys Mitchell, who, in MY FATHER SLEEPS (Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d.), has a very neat tale of Highland revenge and auld wives and dire prophecies, mostly uttered or written in Gaelic. Mrs. Bradley is around, she of the crocodile appearance and acute eye for sinister implications, and it is most reasonably Mrs. Bradley who solves a very intricate mystery. I have never been very kindly disposed towards Mrs. B.'s hearty girl-friends, but in this book I can see that they have their uses. No female of a less Spartan build could stand that weather, for one thing.

In my very young days I had the greatest admiration and affection for the works of Sir. Charles G. D. Roberts (and very properly since he was a writer of distinction). Mr. Roderick Haig-Brown is not writing for children, but in his own way his new book recaptures something of the excitement of those earlier volumes.

STARBUCK VALLEY WINTER (Collins. 8s. 6d.) is the story of two boys, one of sixteen, who set out to spend the winter months in a lonely cabin in the wilds, trapping for marten. One of them has experience of the work, which is described in fascinating detail, and one of them has no experience, but a lot of courage and good sense which, in the course of the story, develop until one could see emerging the character of the man he will be. It is here that Mr. Haig-Brown excels, in giving one a clear impression of a young but rapidly maturing boy, and in giving him some admirable qualities, still well this side of priggishness.

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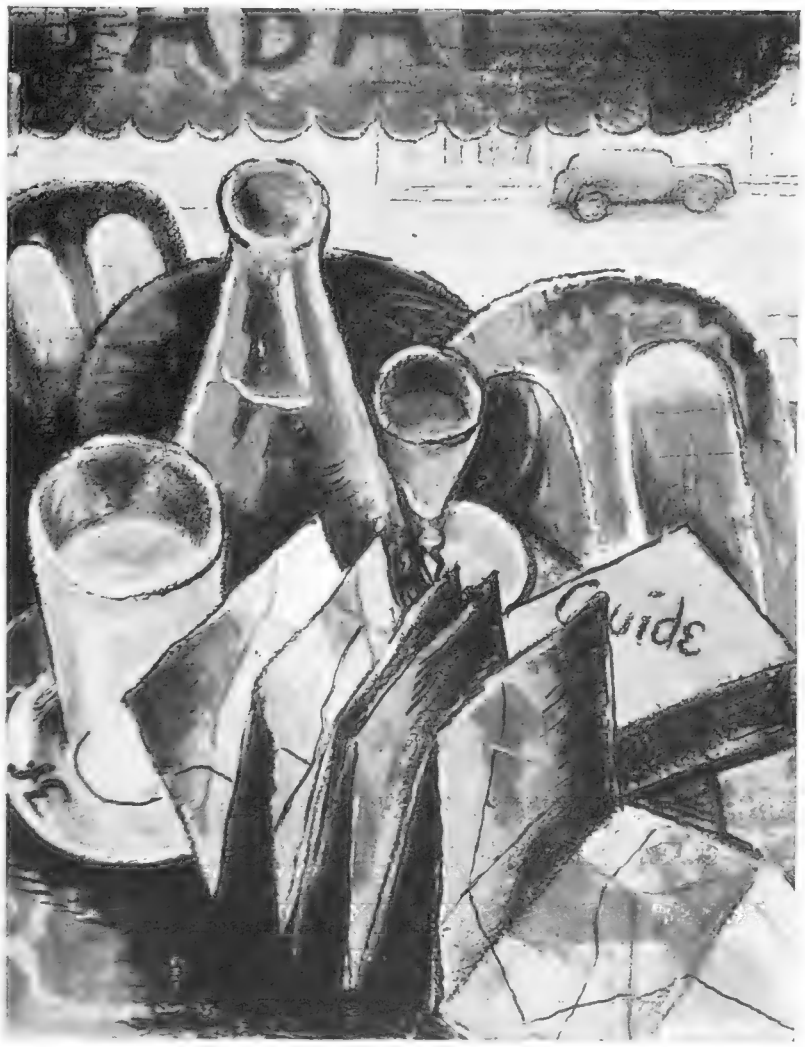

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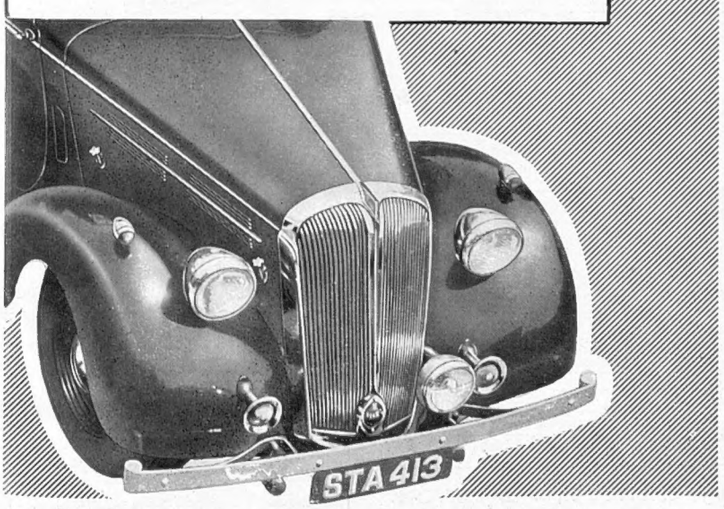

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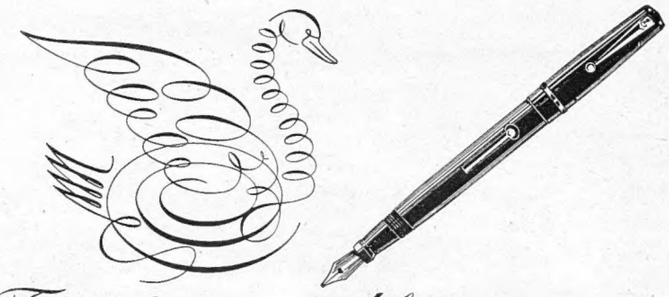

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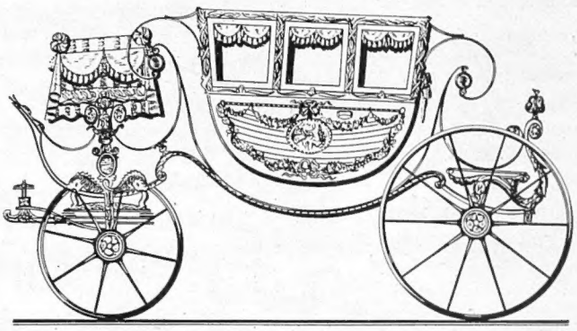

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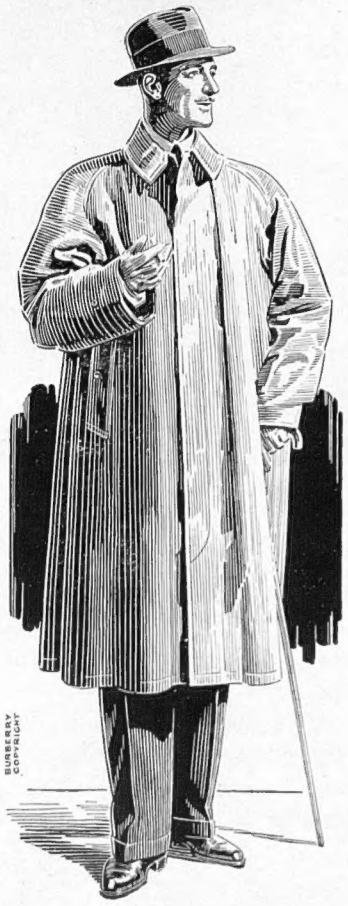

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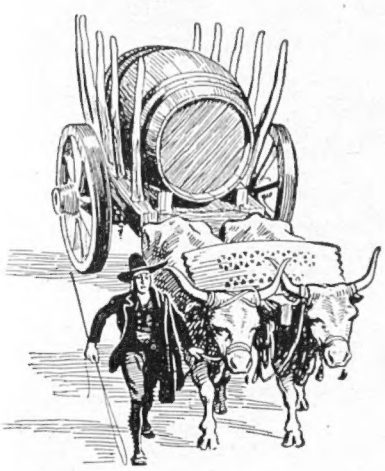

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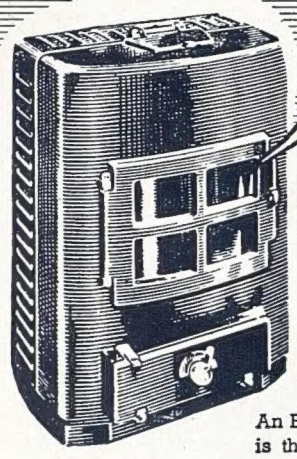

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